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A GOLDEN TREASURE OR THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD TRUNK

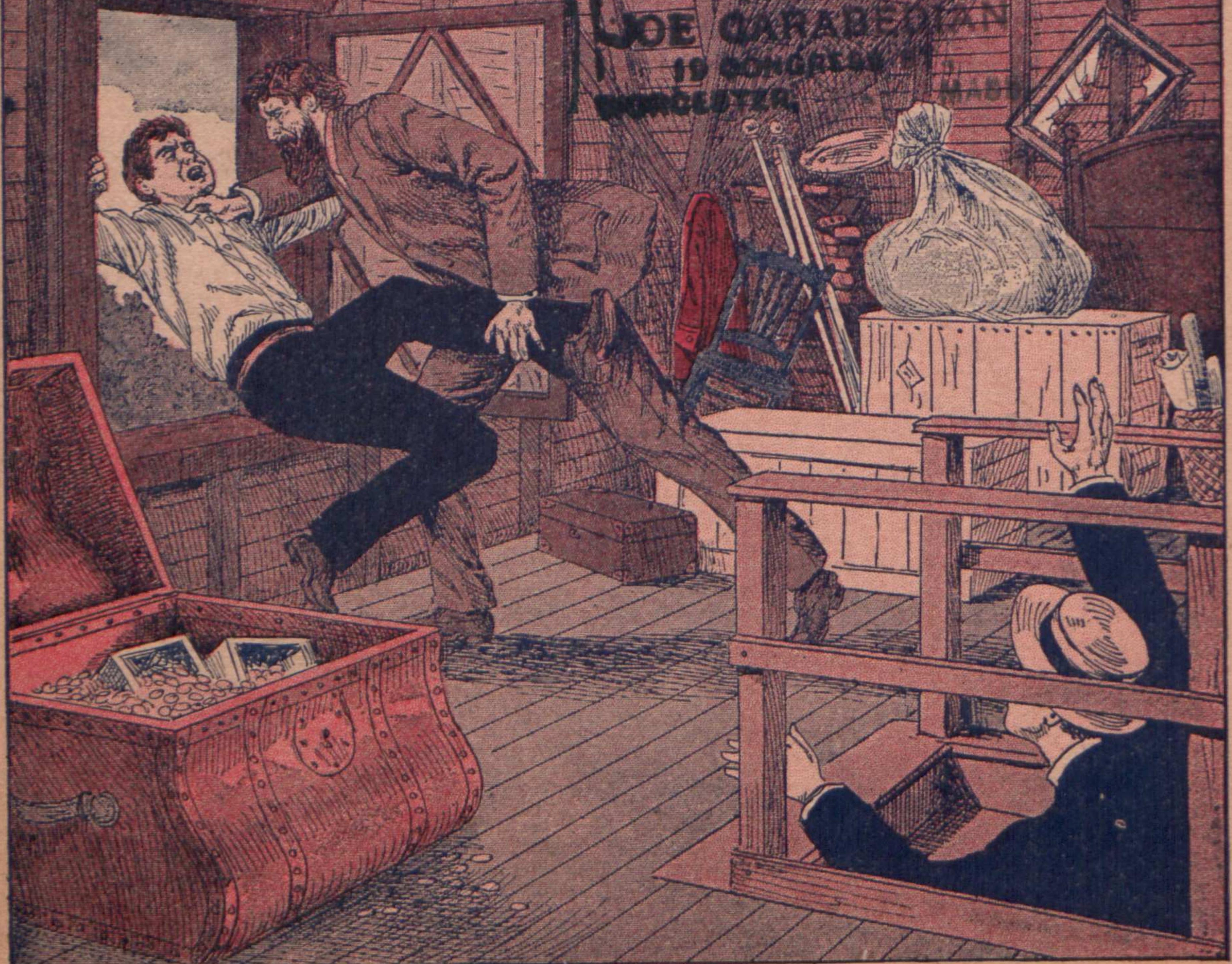
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The bearded man seized Tom and forced him out on the window-sill. "Help! Help!" shrieked the boy, gripping the sides of the window in a desperate effort to save himself. Will, hearing his cry, came running up the stairs.

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OCT. 28 1925

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

A GOLDEN TREASURE

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD TRUNK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

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OLD TRUNK Novels

JOE GARABEDIAN
10 CONGRESS ST.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

CHAPTER I.—A Mysterious Old Trunk.

"Say, dad, what's in that old trunk over in the corner?" asked Tom Jones of the man he called father, but who really bore no relationship to him.

"Never mind about that trunk, son," replied William Jones, familiarly called Bill in the neighborhood. "It don't concern you. It belongs to an old friend of mine who left it with me to keep for him."

"You've kept it a long time, for it's been there ever since I can remember," said the boy.

"What if it has? It'll stay there as long as I stay, unless—"

Bill Jones paused abruptly and looked nervously out of the open attic window up and down the long country road which swept toward the cliffs and then disappeared down the incline which led to the village of Stormport.

"Until the owner comes for it, if he ever does," said Tom, completing the sentence as he supposed his father had intended to do. "Don't you know what's in it?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," said Jones, senior, shortly. "I don't pry into what don't concern me." Tom grinned, for he knew different. "You don't want to go near that trunk under any circumstances, understand? It's dangerous."

"Dangerous!"

"Yes," said Bill Jones, in an impressive way. "That there trunk is ha'nted."

"Haunted!" ejaculated Tom incredulously.

"Sure as you live, son."

"Nonsense, father."

"There ain't no nonsense about it."

"What makes you think it's haunted?" asked the boy curiously.

"Look here, you don't want to be so inquisitive," said Jones, senior, sourly.

"How can I help being inquisitive over such a statement? I don't believe any such tommyrot."

"Oh, you don't? Let me tell you somethin', then. Several times when I've come up here of a night arter somethin' I've wanted I seen a man—a tall, ghostly-lookin' chap—sittin' on that trunk."

"You saw that?"

"I did," said Bill Jones solemnly. "The first time I seen the apparition I took it for a tramp that had sneaked up here and was hidin', waitin' his chance to rob the place arter the house was

shut up for the night, and I flung the box I had in my hand at him."

"Well?"

"It went right through him, as slick as a knife through soft butter, and hit the wall behind, kerflop!"

"It did?"

"It did," nodded Mr. Jones, with a confirmatory wag of his head.

"You were dreaming."

"No, I wasn't. I was as wide awake as I am now."

"Oh, the wind blew through his whiskers—sizz!" chirped Tom.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Bill Jones suspiciously.

"You ought to write that out and send it to the Psychological Research Society. They keep a record of all true ghost stories. I've read a number of them that they have had printed, and they're strong enough to make your hair curl," said Tom, who felt like laughing at the yarn his father had just got off.

Tom's mention of the Psychological Society was so much Greek to his father, who had never heard of it.

"I don't know nothin' about the Psycho-what-ever-you-call-it Research Society," growled Bill Jones. "I never heard about it. I s'pose you read about it in the paper. There seems to be nothin' in the papers, or in them books you fetch here from the village library, that you can't read. I never see a chap what takes to books like you do. Why, the first day you went to school you learned your letters—the whole of 'em. Your marm thought that was the wonderfulest thing she ever heard of. So that Psycho-what-ever-you-call-it Society prints ghost stories, eh? Well, son, I could tell 'em enough about that trunk to fill a hull column of a newspaper."

"So you really think that trunk is haunted?"

"I don't think nothin' about it. I know it is."

"Then you don't intend to open it and see what's inside?"

"No good ever comes tamperin' with dead men's effects," said Bill.

"Then you know that the owner of that trunk is dead?"

"Son, you ask too many questions. Let's go down. We can't find that there article your marm wants. At any rate, I hain't got no more time to waste huntin' for it. There's an auto-

mobile comin' down the road, and I reckon it'll stop here. They always do, either for gasoline or drinks."

Thus speaking, Mr. Jones started down the stairs, and Tom, after a last look at the trunk, which had now become an object of curious interest in his eyes, followed.

CHAPTER II.—The Stranger.

As Bill Jones had surmised, the automobile did stop at the inn. It contained two well-dressed men, one of whom acted as chauffeur. They got out and entered the inn, and came face to face with Tom, who was coming out to see if the watering trough needed replenishing. One of them uttered an ejaculation and stared hard at the boy. Tom bowed respectfully to him.

"Who are you?" asked the gentleman.

"Tom Jones, sir. Son of William Jones, proprietor of this inn."

"Oh!" said the man, letting out a deep breath.

Then he and his companion entered the public room and went to the bar where Jones, senior, was in attendance. Tom found the water low in the trough, so he got a bucket and filled it from the well in the yard. While he was thus engaged, a well-dressed boy, son of a prosperous farmer in the vicinity, drove up in a light wagon. This was Will Carter, Tom's particular friend.

"Hello, Tom!" said Will, jumping out and unhitching his animal's check-rein so he could help himself to a drink.

"Hello, Will!" responded Tom. "Where are you bound—the village?"

"Yes. I'm going to the store where we trade to get a whole lot of things for my mother, and then I'm going to the postoffice for our mail. The coach passed an hour ago."

"Well, don't be in a hurry. Stop and talk a while. I'm not very busy just now."

After the horse had drunk enough, Will tied him to a hitching post and followed Tom into the back yard, where they sat upon a log of wood in the afternoon sunshine.

"Say, what do you think, we've a haunted trunk in our attic," said Tom, with a broad grin.

"A haunted trunk! What are you giving me?" said Will.

"It's an old trunk that's been there fifteen years or so. Dad says it belongs to an old friend of his who left it in his care and hasn't returned for it. We were up in the attic a little while ago and I asked dad about it. He didn't want to talk about it at first, but when I persisted he told me it was dangerous—haunted, in fact."

"Do you believe that?"

"Sure not. I'll tell you what he said he'd seen," and Tom recounted the statement Bill Jones had made about having seen a tall, ghastly-looking man, with a bad wound, seated on it, when he went up there of a night. Will listened and looked solemn.

"Say, your garret might be haunted. The inn is an old building, and some old buildings are said to be haunted. That chap might have been murdered in the house long before you people bought the inn," he said.

"Get out! . There isn't any such thing as ghosts," said Tom.

"Oh, come now, how do you know that? You loaned me a small book you picked up somewhere which was full of ghost stories authenticated by the Psychological Research Society. If that society warranted them as genuine there ought to be some truth in them. Some of the stories were fierce."

"Well, I don't believe that trunk or our attic is haunted, at any rate."

They talked for a while longer and then Will said that the sun was getting low and that it was time he went on to the village and made his purchases. Tom walked out of the yard with him and bade him good-by. The automobile had gone on its way a long time since. Our hero watched his friend vanish around the turn in the road and then turned to enter the public room of the inn. Stepping on to the long porch, he glanced out over the farming country, all tilled and growing, for it was the first week in June, and then up the road toward the next town. Coming toward the inn, on foot, he saw a tall, strongly built man, with a grip in his hand.

As the stranger came nearer, Tom saw he was heavily bearded and that his face, such of it as could be seen, was dark and swarthy, like one whose calling exposed him to daily intercourse with the wind and sun. Tom did not go in the house, but waited for the man to come up. His boots were covered with the dust of the road, and he puffed at a briar-root pipe. He turned in toward the inn. Tom noticed that the man eyed him with unmistakable interest as he approached.

"Well, sonny, this is the Stormport Inn, I reckon," he said, pausing before the boy.

"Yes, sir. The sign over the door is plain evidence of that fact."

"And I s'pose Bill Jones is still proprietor of this establishment?"

"He is."

"And you are Tom Jones?"

"I am. How did you guess it?"

The stranger chuckled.

"Bless you, sonny, I can see Bill Jones written all over your face."

"That's more than anybody else can see. I don't look a bit like dad, nor like marm, either."

The stranger chuckled again.

"How did I know you, then, sonny?" he grinned.

"You just guessed at it."

"Which proves I'm a good guesser. So Mrs. Bill is still alive and kicking."

"She's alive, yes. You talk as if you knew her."

"I reckon I've met her more'n once. Where's Bill?"

"Reading a newspaper behind the bar. You appear to know Mr. Jones. One would think from the way you talk that you were a personal friend of his. Now I recollect every one who's been calling on terms of intimacy for the past ten years, and I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"You don't remember ever seeing me before, eh?" chuckled the stranger.

"Never to my knowledge."

"That's what I call pretty good. Haw, haw, haw!"

The laugh penetrated the public room and reached the ears of Bill Jones. The newspaper slipped out of his fingers and his rubicund visage paled visibly.

"So he's come at last!" he muttered between his teeth. "I knew it. I knew he wasn't dead. I felt it in my bones that some day he'd turn up; that's why I didn't dare—oh, the scoundrel! Some people never get what's comin' to 'em."

Evidently Bill Jones was not over-delighted at the unexpected appearance of his old friend, Jerry Drake.

CHAPTER III.—How Jerry Drake's Arrival Affects Bill and His Wife.

Tom was rather nettled by the stranger's laugh.

"Maybe I've seen you before," he said, "but that must have been before you grew those wind-jammers."

"Meaning these?" said the man, touching his beard.

"Yes. What's your name?"

"My name, sonny, is Jerry Drake. Does it strike a responsive chord in your memory?" grinned the newcomer.

"No," replied Tom. "I know of no person by that name who ever called here, nor have I ever heard marm or dad mention it. Rather singular they didn't, if you're an old friend."

Mr. Drake now entered the public room. Bill was leaning over the bar with his eyes fixed on the door. He had recovered from the shock that the laugh had caused him and was ready to greet the visitor when he entered. He hardly knew Jerry Drake when the man approached him.

"Bill," he said, "we meet again."

"So you've come back, Jerry, after fifteen years of silence," said Bill.

"Nothing surer, Bill. Aren't you glad?"

"Don't I look it?"

"Yes, Bill, you look dreadful glad. Just as glad as though you'd lost a million dollars," grinned Drake. "As I'm feeling kind of dry after my walk from Rockdale, suppose we liquor? It warms the cockles of my heart to see that old mug of yours again. You ain't changed a whole lot in fifteen years. You look a trifle stouter and more prosperous-looking, that's all."

"Where have you been?" growled Bill, as he placed the whisky bottle and a couple of glasses on the bar.

"Where haven't I been, you'd better say. By the way, just tell that son of yours to carry my grip up to my old room. I'm going to stay a few days."

"A few days?" said Bill.

"Call it a week. Maybe it'll be longer. It all depends on how I feel about it. I said to myself, as I came along the road, that Bill wouldn't hear of me going on to the village while he had a room in the house that wasn't occupied," said Mr. Drake, filling out a liberal drink for himself and waiting for Bill to do likewise, which he did, with some deliberation. "Ain't that a fact, Bill, you old cormorant?"

"Of course, if you intend to stay, I ain't got nothin' ag'in it."

"Of course you haven't. Here's looking at you, Bill. Many happy returns of the day," and Drake tossed the whisky off.

Bill drank slowly, as if it was a new kind of beverage he was sampling. While he was doing it his eyes lighted on Tom, who was taking in the scene with a great deal of interest.

"What are you standin' there for?" he cried angrily. "Take that grip to the spare room in the back over the kitchen, and—don't come back, d'ye understand?"

Tom was rather taken aback by his foster-father's peremptory dismissal. It was seldom that Bill spoke to him that way, and only when he wasn't feeling particularly good. The boy said nothing, but he obeyed the order. He went up the stairs to the room over the kitchen, left the grip on a chair, and then came down again. As he had been ordered not to return to the public room, he didn't go there. Instead, he opened a door and walked into the kitchen, where his mother was cooking supper. Helping her was a pretty, winsome-looking girl of about fifteen years. Her name was Jennie Day, and she and Tom were great friends.

"Where have you been, Tom?" she asked, with a smile.

"I've just been upstairs with a grip. An old friend of the family has arrived and is going to stay with us a few days, so you'd better lay an extra plate for him."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Bill, looking up. "What old friend do you mean?"

"He knew you and dad fifteen years ago. His name is Jerry Drake."

Mrs. Bill uttered an ejaculation and dropped the pan she had just taken off the fire. Fortunately, it struck the floor flat and remained there, consequently the fried eggs were not spilled out. Jenny picked the pan up and removed its contents to a dish.

"Did you say his name was Jerry Drake?" said Mrs. Bill, looking flurried.

"I did. Aren't you glad to hear he's turned up again after fifteen years?"

Tom said it banteringly, for his foster-mother looked anything but glad.

"No, Tom, I'm not glad. I have hoped and prayed he never would come back, though he said he would if he had to walk on one foot," answered Mrs. Bill dolefully.

"I don't believe dad is pleased to see him, either."

"No more than me."

"Who is he, anyway?" continued Tom.

"He's a man we knew many years ago," said Mrs. Bill, turning to the stove again.

"I know that. What does he want here?"

"I s'pose he's come for his trunk."

"Is he the man who owns that old trunk in the attic?"

"Yes."

"My! it's about time he came after it. It can't contain anything of great value, or he'd have come after it before. It's heavy enough, though, gracious knows."

"How do you know?" said his foster-mother, turning quickly and looking at him.

"Oh, I tried to lift it, and I couldn't budge it an inch."

"You didn't try to open it, did you?"

"Dad told me to-day that the trunk was haunted. He said he's gone up there of a night to get something he wanted, and he saw a tall, ghastly figure seated on the trunk, just as if he's been the owner of it in life and was keeping watch over it now, as though it contained some secret he didn't want to get out."

"Bill told you that?"

"Yes; but I'm not so silly as to take any stock in such a yarn. There may be ghosts, but I've never seen one. Until I do, I shall always doubt their existence, in spite of the true ghost stories of the Psychological Research Society. Did Bill ever tell you the trunk was haunted?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bill, with some hesitation.

"Then it's quite certain he was jollying me, for if he'd seen anything of that kind he surely would have told you right away. If anything so unusual had occurred I'd have heard about it, too. Dad would have been scared out of his boots, and I guess you would have been also."

While they were talking, Jenny had been setting the table in the middle of the room, for they always ate in the kitchen.

"Shall I put an extra plate on, Mrs. Jones?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Bill hesitated and looked nervous.

"I s'pose so," she said, slowly and nervously. "If Mr. Drake has taken possession of his old room he'll want to board with us. Go and tell your father supper is ready."

Tom entered the public room and found Bill and Jerry Drake seated at a table, talking together in low tones.

"Supper is ready, dad," he said, in a loud tone.

The two men rose and started for the kitchen, while Tom remained to look after the public room and any chance customer who might make his appearance.

CHAPTER IV.—What Happened in the Night.

It was Tom's regular duty to remain in the public room while his father was eating his meals, and no matter how hungry he might be, he never grumbled over it. He went behind the bar and took up the weekly *Stormport Times*, published that day, to read the news, but he couldn't interest himself in the paper, for his thoughts constantly recurred to Jerry Drake, the man who owned the mysterious old trunk in the attic, and whose unexpected arrival at the inn was clearly not welcome, though he was supposed to be an old friend of Bill's.

"I'd like to know something about this man," he thought, throwing down the newspaper and walking toward the door.

The sun had gone down some time since and dusk was falling over the landscape. Tom heard the smart trot of a horse and, looking in the direction of the sound, saw a light wagon coming from the village.

"It's Will," he said.

He stepped out into the road and his friend reined in.

"I can't stop but a minute," said Will. "I'm awfully late in getting back."

"I've news for you."

"What is it?"

"The owner of that old trunk in our attic has turned up."

"Is that so? When did he come?"

"A little while ago on foot from Rockdale."

"What does he look like?"

"Tall, muscular and bearded, with the complexion of a sailor. His name is Jerry Drake."

"And he's an old friend of your father's?"

"I don't know how much of a friend he is, but dad and marm knew him fifteen years ago when they first came to this inn."

"They must be glad to see him again."

"He's taking supper with them now, and he's going to stay here a few days."

"And then I suppose he'll take his trunk away?"

"It's about time, don't you think?"

"I should say so. Where has he been during the fifteen years?"

"I couldn't tell you. Dad asked him that question."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Where haven't I been!' Meaning, I should infer, that he'd been more or less over the world."

"I guess he must have been, he's been away so long. Well, I must start on. I'll be late for supper."

"Good-by! Drop around to-morrow," said Tom, walking back to the porch.

In the course of twenty minutes, Bill and Jerry Drake returned to the public room. They lighted their pipes and seated themselves on the veranda while Tom went in to his own supper. The usual crowd gathered in the public room and on the porch that evening. Jerry Drake was a stranger to all of Bill's regular customers, but he soon made himself popular with them by ordering many rounds of drinks which he had chalked up against himself on the slate. Tom was in bed and asleep when Drake, lamp in hand, went to his room.

"Just like old times," he muttered, opening the door. "And the kid sleeps in the same room he occupied the night I brought him here. Fifteen years I've been away and that there trunk is still up in the attic. Bill says he never touched it. Maybe he didn't, but I shall find out by and by. I'm inclined to believe he tells the truth, for had he got his peepers on what's in it I don't think I should have found him running this house still. He would have taken the contents and dusted to parts unknown. I should have looked for him till I found him, and then Mr. Bill would have wished he had not touched the trunk."

"Well, I'm a lucky bird to find things as they were when I stepped out that night for a stroll along the cliffs, and, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I failed to return. At the first chance I sent Bill a letter telling him to keep his eye on that trunk, for I'd be back for it if I came on one leg, and if any one tampered with it I'd feel sorry for them. Bill knew me, and he knew that a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. What I feared was, when I couldn't get back, that Bill might die, in which

case, unless Mrs. Bill could be depended on, the trunk would be as good as lost to me. I've lost fifteen years of my life, but I reckon there's enough left for me to have a good time out of seeing I've got the stuff to make things go."

Drake, in spite of the fact that he had walked some distance that day, and might reasonably be expected to feel tired, seemed in no hurry to make use of the bed. He sat by the open window, smoking, while he ruminated. The house was silent, for everybody had gone to bed, but outside the monotonous croak of the frogs could be heard. How long Drake sat there he didn't know or care. Finally he took off his boots and laid them carefully down. Then he opened his door and poked his head out in the corridor and listened. It was at that particular moment that Tom, who occupied the room opposite, woke up. It wasn't any noise that Drake made that aroused him, for the visitor was careful to make no noise. His first impression was that somebody had, and he listened for a repetition of the knock. It didn't come; instead, however, he suddenly observed the flash of a light in the corridor outside. His thoughts instinctively recurred to Jerry Drake.

"He's going to his room," was his first thought.

Just then his clock struck twelve. He didn't believe that Bill would sit up with his visitor till that late hour. The light vanished and he heard the creak of the boards in the corridor. His curiosity was aroused. Popping out of bed, he softly opened the door and looked out. He was just in time to see the unmistakable form of Jerry Drake, with a lamp in his hand, vanish up the stairs leading to the attic.

"He's going to his trunk," breathed Tom.

The boy's intense curiosity to learn what was in the trunk impelled him to follow the man, which he did, after drawing on his trousers. The attic stairs had creaked several times on Drake's heavy tread, and they also creaked, but not so loud, under Tom's weight. He went up in the dark, for the visitor had closed the door of the attic as soon as he entered the unfinished and ro my space under the roof. Tom peered through the keyhole, but the only thing he saw was the dim and wavering reflection from the lamp on some of the articles stored in the place. The keyhole did not command a view of the trunk. The only way Tom could gratify his curiosity was to open the door and poke his head in. He was afraid to do that, for he knew the door creaked on its hinges. He heard sounds inside.

"He's opening the trunk now. What a pity I can't see what's going on inside! Why didn't I suspect he'd be sure to come up, then I might have fixed a hiding place near the trunk and have had a good view without any trouble," thought the boy.

Then metallic sounds reached his ears.

"I wonder if he's got some kind of a machine in the trunk? Perhaps it's an invention of his. Or maybe—"

He heard Drake shut down the cover and turn the key. He took that as a signal for him to beat a retreat, which he did. He had barely got back to his room when he heard Drake coming downstairs. The light came along the corridor, but the visitor himself made no noise in

his stocking feet. The opposite door opened and closed softly, and the light vanished.

"No more for to-night," thought Tom, jumping into bed.

While thinking over what had just transpired, he fell asleep and did not awaken till Jenny pounded on his door at quarter-past six in the morning.

CHAPTER V.—The Escaped Lunatic.

After Tom had had his own breakfast, Bill told him to mind the inn as he and Drake were going for a walk. The two men departed in the direction of the cliffs. They were hardly out of sight before the automobile which had stopped the preceding afternoon rolled up to the door and the same two men got out.

"I want to see Mr. William Jones," said the gentleman who had addressed Tom on the previous occasion.

"Sorry, but he's gone out for a walk, with an old friend who arrived here yesterday," said the boy.

"When will he be back?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir, as he didn't say when they would be back."

"You are Mr. Jones' son, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"You don't look a bit like your father."

"That isn't my fault, sir."

"How long has your father kept this inn?"

"Fifteen years."

"And what did he do for a living before that?"

"He was a fisherman."

"And I've lived in Stormport?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where you were born, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Tom, wondering at the gentleman's questions.

"Your mother is around the house, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you ask her if she'll oblige us with an interview?"

"On what business?"

"That we will disclose to her."

"I will give her your message."

"Before you go, you can hand us the whisky bottle and a couple of glasses."

Tom put the bottle and the glasses on the bar and then, going to the back door, called to Jenny, who was in the passage.

"Tell marm that a couple of gentlemen would like to see her in the parlor," he said. "I'll show them in there."

Tom returned to the bar.

"This way, gentlemen," he said.

He ushered them into the parlor and left them there. Then he went to the door and saw Will Carter coming toward the inn.

"Suppose we go fishing this morning?" said Will, when he came up. "I've brought my tackle. The tide will be in by the time we get over to the cove, and we ought to make a haul."

"I'm afraid I can't go," replied Tom.

"Why not?"

"Dad and our visitor went for a walk, and I was left in charge of the place."

"You don't do a whole lot of business in the morning. Can't you get Jenny to take your place?"

"Orders are orders, Will. I'll have to stay till dad comes back."

Will looked disappointed. He glanced into the public room.

"Who came here in the auto?" he said, seeing that the room was empty."

"A couple of gentlemen. They're talking with warmth in the parlor."

"Looks like the car I saw in the village yesterday afternoon."

"I guess it's the same. The gentlemen were here yesterday afternoon and then went on to Stormport."

"I heard they were making inquiries about the village for a suitable site to put up a summer hotel."

"They ought to have done that last fall, then they might have had the hotel built for this season. It's too late now to do anything more than build if they should decide on this neighborhood. I think a hotel would pay here," said Tom.

"My father said this would make an ideal place for a couple of hotels—on the sweep of the shore to the south of the village."

"Think they'll get better accommodations and better meals, eh?"

"That's my opinion. It's a wonder a hotel or two has not been built in Stormport before this. Arrangements could be made with the Boston & Rockport Navigation Company to run a boat on here during the season. With a first-class hotel here, I guess it would pay the company, for the village would take a boom on during the season and I'll bet it wouldn't be long before Stormport would become a regular watering place."

At that point in their conversation the two gentlemen came out of the parlor. They walked outside, got into their auto, turned it around, and whirled off in the direction of Stormport. Down the road from Rockdale came another car, with two men and a chauffeur in it, at full speed. The boys wondered who the newcomers were. The chauffeur shut off the power as the car drew near the inn.

"Some more people for drinks," said Will. "I wonder why men can't pass a roadhouse without stopping to lubricate their throats?"

"It's a habit, I guess," said Tom. "If it wasn't for the profit dad makes off his liquor I guess he'd have shut up shop long ago. We hardly ever have a lodger over night now. People prefer to go on to the Stormport Hotel in the village if they intend to lay over in this neighborhood."

"Think they'll get better accommodations, eh?"

"I suppose so; but they won't. Marm can set a spread that's every bit as good as the hotel furnishes, and our front rooms are as good as anything they've got in the village. Our price is a dollar cheaper. The trouble is, we're too near the village to get any transient business. All the boarders we have drift here in the summer."

"You were full up last season."

"And we'll be full this season, judging from the applications we've had from people who've been here before and appreciate a good thing."

Here the auto turned in and stopped.

"Say, young fellows, come here; I want to see you," said one of the men in the rear seat.

The boys came forward.

"You belong around here, I judge?" said the man.

"I live at this house. My dad keeps it," said Tom. "My friend lives on a farm up the road."

"Have you seen a man in a gray suit, with a smooth face and a cropped head, around here this morning?" asked the man.

"No, I haven't seen such a person," replied Tom.

"If you should see such a man, notify the Stormport constables. He escaped from Doctor Noel's Private Sanitarium at Rockdale, some time during the night. He's as crazy as a bug."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He's our oldest patient. Been in the house fifteen years. Lately he has been accorded some privileges and has taken advantage of them to make his escape. As he's a dangerous man to be at large, we are doing our best to catch him before he makes serious trouble for us. Perhaps your father has seen him. Will you ask him to step out here?"

"He's not here now. Went out with a friend over to the cliffs."

"Well, tell him about the man when he comes back."

"You say he's a dangerous lunatic?" said Tom.

"Yes; but he doesn't look it. Crazy men are always sly. He acts quite rationally sometimes, and that's how he pulled the wool over our eyes, though we are not easy to fool."

"What's the real trouble with him?"

"Oh, he's got a hallucination that he is a Belfast lumber merchant, the possessor of a large property, which he claims that a relative has done him out of, and then put him in the sanitarium to keep him out of the way."

"I've read of such things being done," said Tom.

"In novels, perhaps," said the man sharply. "It isn't done in real life, or if it has been, not nowadays. The laws are too strict. If such a thing came to light it would be regarded as a conspiracy with intent to defraud, and everybody connected with the case would find themselves in trouble. Doctor Noel could not afford to take such a risk himself, if he was inclined to do anything underhanded for a considerable price. The fact that he has been in the business twenty years, at Rockdale and near Portland, is proof enough that everything connected with his establishment is square and aboveboard. It is against the law for him to accept a patient that is not properly certified to be out of his mind."

"Are all the doctor's patients crazy?"

"More or less. The doctor does not take cases that properly belong in a public asylum, except where he believes he can effect a cure, and those interested in the patient are willing to pay a good price for his or her care and treatment. The man who is now at large was an exception to our rule. When he was first brought to the sanitarium, when it was located near Portland, it was thought that his case would not prove a difficult one to cure. Softening of the brain, however, developed, and the doctor finally recommended that he be sent to the State Asylum

for the Insane. His relatives induced us to keep him, for they felt that he would be better treated under the doctor's care, and he has been with us ever since."

"You say he is dangerous?"

"At certain times he is, and you never can tell when he will break out that way. He might walk into your inn and act as sane as any man, and you'd never suspect there was anything the matter with him. Before he left he might suddenly develop a tendency to smash things up generally, or he might pick up something and attack one of you. He always gets excited when he talks about his alleged past, and that mania is constantly coming to the front."

"What name does he call himself by?"

"Edward Randall."

"Which isn't his true name?"

"Of course not. His right name is Dexter. Well, we must go on to the village to see if he has been seen there."

"He might have gone in the other direction," said Tom.

"We have several parties scouring the county in different directions after him."

The sanitarium attache wished them good-by and the auto went on its way.

CHAPTER VI.—Jerry Drake Hears Unpleasant News.

"There is likely to be some excitement in these parts over that crazy man if he isn't caught pretty soon," said Tom, looking after the auto.

"I should say so, but he is bound to be captured soon, for everybody, including the police, will be on the lookout for him," said Will.

"There are a hundred places along the cliffs where he could hide and never be found," said Tom.

"He couldn't hide indefinitely. Hunger would compel him to seek for food, and then he'd be nabbed."

"He could live on shellfish and roots."

"He might do that for a while, but if he's been accustomed to good food, as I suppose he has at the sanitarium, he'd go around looking for a change of diet."

"If we'd gone fishing we might have encountered him, and not knowing a lunatic was at large we might have got in trouble with him."

"That's true, but the chances that we would have met him are small, I guess."

"Dad and Jerry Drake went over to the cliffs. It is possible they might run across him, and they wouldn't know he was crazy."

"If he behaved himself, as the sanitarium man says he does a part of the time, they'd take him for an early summer visitor, probably."

While they were talking, Bill Jones and Drake returned. From their actions Tom judged that they had got on very good terms, after all.

"Well, sonny, I was speaking to Bill about you taking up with that surveyor, and I've fixed it all right for you," said Drake, with a cheerful grin.

"I'm much obliged to you for the interest you have taken in me, but I didn't expect dad would make any kick about it," said Tom, who felt that

he had to acknowledge Drake's friendly intercession, though he did not believe he needed it.

Tom then followed his foster-father inside.

"Say, dad, I suppose you didn't meet any stranger over at the cliffs?" he said.

"No. Why do you ask that?" said Bill, looking hard at him.

"An automobile stopped here a little while ago with a couple of men from Dr. Noel's Sanitarium at Rockdale. One of them told me that they were looking for one of their crazy patients who had escaped during the night. He said the man was dangerous, and that if we saw him we must notify the Stormport constables right away. He is dressed in a gray suit, has a smooth face, and his hair is cropped short."

"Humph!" ejaculated Bill. "The man is in this neighborhood, is he?"

"The sanitarium man isn't sure of that. He might have gone north, or into the interior. There are several parties out looking for him."

While Tom was speaking to his foster-father in the public room, Will and Jerry remained on the porch. Will was telling Drake about the men in the automobile who were looking for the escaped lunatic.

"Where did he escape from?" asked Drake.

"Dr. Noel's Sanitarium in Rockdale."

Drake stared at him.

"In Rockdale!" he ejaculated.

"Yes. Everybody knows about the doctor's place. It's about a mile outside of the town. It's been there about ten years, I guess. The doctor used to have his sanitarium near Portland."

Drake took his pipe from his mouth and emitted a cloud of smoke.

"So Doctor Noel has been in Rockdale for ten years?" he said.

"Yes."

"And one of his patients has escaped—when?"

"Some time last night, the man said."

"Did he say what patient it was?" asked Drake, with anxious interest.

"He said it was the oldest one in the place—a man who's been under the doctor's charge for about fifteen years, and appears to be incurable."

Drake's jaw dropped a little.

"Did he say what his name was?"

"Dexter."

"Oh!" said Drake, drawing a deep breath, as if relieved. "Dexter, eh?"

"Yes. That is his real name; but he claims to be somebody else."

"Somebody else?"

"That's what the man said. He thinks his name is Edward Randall."

Drake gave a start and the pipe dropped from his mouth. He collected himself, stooped and picked it up.

"So the patient who calls himself Edward Randall has escaped from Dr. Noel's Sanitarium?" he said, nervously refilling his pipe.

"Yes," replied Will, who did not see anything singular in Drake's actions.

"And they think he's hiding around here?"

"The man is not sure about that. He might have gone in the other direction—any direction, in fact, except out on the ocean."

"I see. They're hunting for him all over?"

"They have several parties out looking for him. They're pretty sure to catch him."

A GOLDEN TREASURE

Drake struck a match, but his fingers shook as he applied the light to the tobacco.

"So you think they'll catch him?" he said, tossing the match away.

"I think it's a sure bet they will. At any rate, I hope he didn't come this way, for the sanitarium man said he was dangerous—not all the time, but he was liable to break out any minute."

"Dangerous, eh? Yes, he's dangerous, all right. I'd hate to—"

Drake paused abruptly and stared out across the fields. At that juncture Tom joined him.

"If you want to go fishing now, Will, I'm with you," he said.

"I'm ready," said Will. "We've lost an hour or more of the tide, but I guess we'll catch something."

"Come along, then. We'll go up to my room and I'll get my tackle. We'll get the bait in the truck patch."

"Good-by, Mr. Drake," said Will, but the visitor did not answer.

He was thinking hard, and did not hear Will. The boys walked through the public room and went up the back stairs.

"So, Edward Randall has escaped from Noel's Sanitarium," muttered Drake, "after having been pent up fifteen years. If he should reach Belfast and get his story in the papers, there's going to be trouble for somebody I know. And to think this should happen just as I got back here. Well, I don't know that it'll be my funeral. I ought to be safe enough. It ain't likely the interested parties are going to try to trace me after fifteen years. Where would they start in?"

"I lit out with the boy, according to arrangements, and I didn't say where I was going. Had I known I was going to find that trunk when I got here, I shouldn't have turned kidnapper for no amount of money. I wonder if it wasn't retributive justice that raised the draught of wealth to my lips only to dash it away as I was about to taste it, for the blamed trunk hasn't done me a bit of good during all this time. However, I'll take care to enjoy life after this. If there's anything left when I'm through I'll leave it to the boy."

He smoked away for a moment or two.

"To think that Bill should take such a fancy to the kid—him and his wife—and bring him up almost like a young gent. I wonder what Bill would say if he knew he was a young gent? Maybe he suspects that's what he is for there's nothing ordinary about the young chap. He's getting to be the picture of his father—his real father—and is bound to be a fine-looking man, but the chances are he'll always be Tom Jones."

He smoked on again.

"Yes, I'm safe enough. No one who knew me fifteen years ago would recognize me now with this beard," he breathed. "And yet I shouldn't care to meet Edward Randall face to face. If he recognized me, it would be his life or mine. I know it. I'd be sorry to have to raise my hand against him—I reckon I could crush him completely—for I've done enough to him as it is; but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I'm not going to lose that trunk a second time, if I can help it, and spend the balance of

my life behind the bars. No, no, not by the eternal—"

Drake raised his arm and was bringing it down with a fierce swipe when it was seized by Bill Jones, with a laugh.

"What's troubling you, Jerry?" asked Bill.

"Nothing," replied Drake. "Nothing at all. Come in and have a drink."

As the two men passed inside, the two boys passed outside through the kitchen door, bound for the cliffs.

CHAPTER VII.—Edward Randall.

Stormport Inn was a mile from the village, and the road gradually ascended for that distance, but it was only half a mile or less from the edge of the cliffs. Nevertheless, as the ground in that direction rose by degrees to the bald top of the cliffs, and the view was obstructed by a scattering line of wood pines and cedars, the ocean could not be seen even from the top of the house. The country roundabout resembled a shallow valley, and was perhaps sixty feet above the level of the sea, while the tops of the cliffs might have been twice that.

The two boys followed a beaten path across the grassy slope. This did not lead to the top of the cliffs, but into a kind of gully connected with a rocky crevasse that afforded rough access to the shore. Tom and Will had gone this route scores of times. When they got three-quarters of the way down to the beach they turned off to their right and clambered in and out among the rocks till they opened up a deep pool that rose and fell with the tide through a narrow slit a yard or two in width. When the tide came in certain fish came in with it, for the pool was a kind of feeding ground for them, and when the tide receded they went out with it. Crabs were also carried in there, and they did not always get out with the ebb. This was Tom and Will's regular fishing spot, and many boys from the village came there, too, for the same purpose.

The boys also bathed in the pool, those who could swim at any tide, and the less accomplished ones when the water was low. The pool was deserted when Tom and Will arrived there, and the tide was beginning to ebb. They got their tackle out of their pockets and were soon busy at the game. The shadow of the rocks was always on the pool, even at midday, for a great boulder overhung it, very much like a projecting roof. The fish always bit greedier at the baited hooks here than anywhere else along the shore. Therefore the two boys soon began pulling in handsome specimens of the finny tribe, weighing from half a pound to two pounds.

"We'll soon have a mess each for our dinners," said Tom, as he unhooked his fifth catch. "They're biting first rate to-day."

"By the time I get home dinner will be cooked and probably eaten, and I'll find mine in the oven waiting for me," said Will.

"Then the fish will come in for supper and for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"It's a wonder none of the fellows from the village are here this morning. Ike Barclay, for one, is usually here fishing on Saturday when

the tide serves. He'd sooner fish than play ball," said Will.

A stone rattled down the rocks and Tom looked up. As he did so he caught a fleeting glimpse of a vanishing human face.

"Did you see that?" he said.

"See what?" asked Will.

"That face."

"What do you mean?"

"You heard the rattle of a stone, didn't you?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"I looked up and saw a face looking down at us, but it disappeared right away."

"I'll bet it was one of the village boys trying to have a lark with us."

"It looked like a man's face."

Will looked up, but saw nothing.

"Where was the face?" he asked.

Tom pointed at the spot where he had seen it.

"I guess it was some boy, and he's hiding. He'll drop another stone presently."

They went on fishing, but no more stones rattled down. Tom looked up once or twice, but nobody showed himself.

"It couldn't have been one of the boys. He wouldn't remain quiet so long," he said.

"Then it might have been a man on his way to the shore."

"This isn't the way to the shore. It's out of the way."

"Well, a man might have come here to see if there was any one at the pool."

"This person was lying on the rocks, looking over, and he yanked his head back as if he didn't want to be seen."

"What's the use of bothering about him? See! Look at that whopper! He must weigh three pounds," said Will gleefully, as he pulled in a silver beauty.

"You've got a square meal right there. It isn't often such a big fellow is caught in the pool. Look out or you'll lose him. He's kicking about like a steer."

Will held the flapping fish down on the rock till it had exhausted itself, and then he took the hook out of its gills. It was a corking fine fish and he was quite tickled over his luck. The tide was making out fast and the fish ceased to bite.

"No use staying any longer," said Tom. "Wind in your line and we'll go."

In a few minutes they were climbing up the rocks. On reaching the top they suddenly came face to face with a stranger. The boys recognized him at once as the escaped lunatic, for he fully answered the description given by the sanitarium man. That they were startled and perhaps a bit dismayed goes without saying. They stopped short and gazed at him.

"You belong in the village, do you not, my lads?" asked the man, in a perfectly rational way.

"No," replied Tom. "I live at the Stormport Inn on the road yonder, and my friend here lives up the road on a farm."

"What time did you come here?"

"About an hour ago."

"Did you hear anything about a patient that escaped from the sanitarium in Rockdale during the early hours of the morning?"

The boys looked hard at the stranger, but

there was nothing in his tone or manner to indicate that he wasn't perfectly sane. But they remembered that the sanitarium man had said that the escaped patient often appeared to be perfectly rational. Certainly he was at that moment. The man's question was a direct one, and Tom felt he must answer it, but he hesitated as to what he should say. If he told the lunatic that two men in an auto had stopped at the inn and made inquiries about him it would put him on his guard, and the boy believed it was his duty to assist in catching the man, and to help him stand his pursuers off. On the other hand, it was not his nature to lie.

"You don't answer me," said the stranger, giving him a keen look. "Are you afraid to tell me? Is it a fact that you suspect I am that patient—a man supposed to be out of his mind, and therefore dangerous to be at large?"

Tom made no reply, while Will looked nervous.

"I see it is the truth," said the man. "One or more of the attaches of the sanitarium have been down this way looking for me, for I will admit to you I am the man they are in search of. In Heaven's name, boys, I ask you if I look like a demented person?"

"Not at this moment you don't," replied Tom. "If I didn't know by your description that you are the escaped patient I wouldn't take you for such a person."

"Ah! You have heard a description of me? The men who are after me are in this vicinity. Is it not so?"

"Yes," Tom admitted desperately.

The man made a gesture of despair.

"It is hard—it is cruel—that I should be run down like a wild beast and dragged back to the prison where I a man as sane as yourselves, have been confined for fifteen years. Boys, is there any use of my appealing to your sympathy and love of justice?"

"What do you want of us?" asked Tom.

"I want you to give me a chance. If you spread the news when you get back that you have seen me along these cliffs, my persecutors will at once come here with others, and I will be caught. This is the first breath of freedom I've tasted in fifteen long, weary years. Think of that. Think of the feelings of a man who has been in prison that long, for the sanitarium has been to all intents and purposes a prison to me, and is condemned to pass the rest of his life there if he cannot find the chance to expose the dastardly plot that has worked his ruin."

"You are the victim of a plot, then?"

"I am the unfortunate victim of a rascally scheme hatched by a relative named Lawrence Graham to get possession of my fortune. My name is Edward Randall."

That settled it with Tom. The escaped lunatic had drifted into his mania. Presently he might become violent, even dangerous. He might try to throw them off the rocks, and though Tom believed he and Will could handle the man, still a lunatic is more dangerous than a sane person. The boy decided that the only way to avoid possible trouble was to humor the patient.

"Yes?" he said.

"I was born and brought up in Belfast, where I lived until this terrible misfortune came upon

me like a bolt from a clear sky," continued the stranger.

"Then, of course, you are well known in Belfast," said Tom.

"I was well known there, but, alas, I am, of course, accounted dead, and so have passed from the memory of the people with whom I was once associated. My father was a prosperous lumber merchant. His name was Edward, too, and I succeeded to his business when he died. I married and then misfortune first came upon me. My wife died in giving birth to a son. It was necessary that the infant should have proper care, and I secured a nurse, recommended to me by Lawrence Graham. All apparently went well for three years, but the conspirators were at work plotting my undoing. I saw that when it was too late, but I was blind to their duplicity before the plot culminated. The first blow was the kidnapping of my boy."

"Kidnapping of your boy!" exclaimed Tom, who, with Will, had grown interested in spite of himself in the sanitarium patient's narrative.

"Yes; he was stolen by a scoundrel employed in my lumber yard. One of my foremen, named Jeremiah Drake."

"Who?" gasped Tom, as much staggered as though somebody had struck him.

"Jeremiah Drake. He was in with Lawrence Graham, and the stealing of my boy was a part of the prearranged plot to wipe me and my boy out of Belfast so that Graham could take undisputed possession of my profitable business, my money in bank, and the other property left to me by my father."

"Jeremiah Drake! Great Scott!" breathed Tom. "Can there be truth in this man's story?"

He looked at Will, and Will looked at him. The same thought was running through the brain of each—was this man really crazy, or was he the victim of the plot he spoke about?"

"The police were put on Drake's trail, but I never learned the result of their efforts," went on the man who claimed to be Edward Randall. "If my boy was recovered and Drake punished he must have come under the guardianship of Lawrence Graham, and that meant his hope of ever coming into his rights was a futile one, for the villain would see that he didn't. A week after my boy disappeared I was visited by a brain specialist who examined me. Graham and my boy's nurse asserted that the loss of the boy had turned my brain. I resented the insinuation; though, it is true, I was well-nigh crazy over my second bereavement. Still I hoped and prayed that the police would find my son. Another week passed and a second doctor visited and examined me. I was intensely angry, and I fear I treated him with very little consideration. I made a mistake, for, unwittingly, I played into the hands of my enemy. The result of the second examination was a commitment by a judge to Dr. Noel's private sanitarium, which was then situated near Portland."

The stranger paused, with a look of anguish on his face.

"From the day I was taken forcibly from my home in a closed carriage and carried to the sanitarium, I have never drawn a free breath till this morning at two o'clock, and that was fifteen years ago."

Tom and Will were now assured that the escaped patient was not only perfectly sane but was the victim of the plot he had described.

"And now, boys, you know my sad story. I have confided it to you on the chance that it may convince you I am not insane, as you have been told, but rather a man who has suffered as few men are called on to suffer. I implore your sympathy and your aid. If I can make my way to Belfast, I think I can convince my old friends that I have been foully dealt with and with their help I expect to secure justice and punish my rascally relative, if he be still alive, as I feel he is, otherwise Dr. Noel would hardly find it to his interest to keep me under his care, but would have sought some way to compromise matters with me. Can I depend on your help?"

"Yes, you can," replied Tom, in a straightforward way.

"Bless you, my lad, bless you!" cried the man, seizing him by his disengaged hand. "There is something in your face that invites my confidence. You are just the age my boy is if he be alive. And you have his eyes, too—the eyes of an honest, upright and brave lad. The more I scan your face, the more I see in it a resemblance to myself when I was a light-hearted, care-free boy of eighteen. How long ago that now seems to me, and how little I then dreamed of what the future held in store for me!"

"Well, what can we do for you?" said Tom.

"Can you bring me some food? I have tasted nothing since last evening, when I had but a light supper. Dinner is served at noon at the sanitarium."

"I can and will."

"You must be careful not to arouse suspicion in doing so."

"Leave that to me, Mr. Randall."

"And your friend will be silent about me?"

"He's my chum. I'll answer for him."

"When you bring the food I will let you know if you can be of further service to me. By the way, what is your name?"

"Tom Jones. My father is proprietor of the Stormport Inn on the road."

"Go now. When may I expect you to return?"

"In about an hour."

"I will look for you about that time."

He shook hands with the boys and they left him standing on the rocks.

CHAPTER VIII.—Tom and Will Help the Fugitive.

"What do you think about the crazy man now?" said Tom, as he and Will worked their way through the crevasse to the higher ground beyond.

"I think he's no more crazy than we are," said Will promptly.

"If you think that, and I agree with you, you believe he is the victim of a rascally plot?"

"I do."

"In which my dad's old friend, Jerry Drake, unless there are two men with the same name, is implicated."

"It would seem so. He was in this part of

the country fifteen years ago, which is about the time Mr. Randall says his son was kidnapped, and he was put where he was; dead to the world, himself."

"Exactly; but if Drake was up to that time a foreman in a belfast lumber yard it is not quite clear to me how he and my dad became acquainted."

"I wonder what became of Mr. Randall's little boy? Did the police recover him and fail to catch Drake, or did Drake lose him somewhere?"

"That is a problem that Mr. Randall will have to solve himself. His only hope of securing justice he feels is to get back to Belfast and interest his old friends in his case. I'm going to help him get there. If it should turn out that his story is false, and only the result of a diseased brain, he can be recaptured there. To me it has the ring of truth, and so I'm going to see that he has a square deal."

"I'm with you in that. If I can be of any service in the matter, let me know."

"I'll call on you, old man, if I need you."

"How are you going to get food to the gentleman without your mother's knowledge?"

"I'll arrange that with Jenny."

"But your father might want you to look after the inn after dinner. He generally makes use of a part of your time on Saturday."

"I'll get out of it somehow."

"I'll get back as soon as I have my dinner. If you're not at the Inn, I'll look for you on the rocks near the pool."

"If Mr. Randall has told the truth, there'll be trouble in store for Dr. Noel and probably Jerry Drake."

"No doubt they deserve all that's coming to them."

"I recall now that Drake seemed quite interested when I told him that a patient had escaped from the doctor's sanitarium. He asked me what his name was and I told him."

"What effect did it have on him?"

"I didn't notice that he was much disturbed."

"He didn't utter any ejaculation and looked scared, then?"

"No. I should say he took the information coolly enough."

"Then he may not be the Jeremiah Drake who was implicated in the kidnapping."

"I don't know. It doesn't strike me there can be two Jerry Drakes."

"Well, I'm going to talk to him about lumber and see if he commits himself."

"You'd better be careful, for you might tread on delicate ground."

"I'll do it in an offhand way. He'll never suspect what my object is."

They separated at the back of the inn, Tom entering the kitchen where he found dinner well under way, while Will hurried home. Fifteen minutes later Bill and Drake were called to dinner, and Tom remained on the porch till his foster-father had finished his meal. He had nothing to do, as there was nobody to be waited on, so he sat down and thought over the sad story of Edward Randall. By and by Bill and Jerry Drake resumed their seats on the porch and Tom went in to his dinner.

He had noticed since morning that the two men had grown quite chummy. Whatever feel-

ing Bill had felt against Drake seemed to have disappeared. Tom noticed that his foster mother was unusually quiet. He laid the fact to Drake's presence in the house. When she went out to the well he told Jenny to make up a substantial lunch, with a jug of milk, without letting Mrs. Bill know about it, as he wanted to take it to a hungry man who had no money to pay for a meal. Jenny, who was ready to do anything Tom asked of her, promised to attend to the matter as soon as Mrs. Bill left the kitchen. There was some delay, however, in the matter, and Will turned up before Tom was ready to start for the cliffs. They finally started together.

Two hours had elapsed since they left Edward Randall on the rocks, and that unfortunate man was eagerly looking for their coming, and somewhat fearful that he would be disappointed in them. He was not in sight when they reached the appointed place of meeting, though he saw them coming. He had his eyes on the alert, lest unwelcome persons might be following in their rear. He did not mean to be caught if he could help himself, and so he tried to guard himself against a surprise. When he was satisfied the boys were alone, he showed himself.

"Sorry to have delayed so long, but I couldn't help it," said Tom. "Here is a meal for you."

Edward Randall seized the package eagerly.

"What's in the jug?" he asked. "Water?"

"No. Milk."

The fugitive took a drink first, and then, opening the package, began to devour the food like a man half starved.

"What are your plans for reaching Belfast?" asked Tom. "You had better not show yourself till well along in the evening, and be sure to give Stormport and other places along the route a wide berth. Seek food only at farmhouses off the road, and do it with caution, for the hue-and-cry is out about you and the men in the auto are spreading your description everywhere along the road."

"I am not surprised that extraordinary efforts are being made to catch me," said Edward Randall. "Dr. Noel is fearful of trouble in case I get a hearing of my case. I have figured that the risk of reaching Belfast by road is too great for me to meet with success, therefore my purpose is to go there by boat if I can manage it in any way."

"You have no money, I suppose?"

"Not a cent."

"That's bad. I've got about ten dollars in my trunk. I'll fetch it to you just before dark."

"That's generous of you, and I appreciate your offer. Were I not in desperate need, I should not accept your money. But rest assured, if I come into my own, you shall be repaid a hundredfold."

"That's all right. I don't mind if I never see the money again. I'll feel that I expended it in a good cause."

"You have already won my gratitude by what you have done for me. This food alone has been a godsend to me. Without it I know not what I should have done."

At that moment Will, who had been looking around, called their attention to three men who were coming along the beach about a quarter of

a mile away. They came on slowly and seemed to be watching the rocks.

"They are after me, no doubt," said the fugitive. "I will have to hide. You boys had better retire and keep out of their way."

Tom and Will saw the wisdom of that, and moved off. When they looked back, Edward Randall was nowhere to be seen.

"He'll never be able to get away in a boat. Where would he get a boat?" said Will.

"He couldn't get one unless he borrowed it without the owner's permission. A man in his position is justified in doing anything to aid his escape from his enemies. I was thinking of borrowing old Riley's sailboat, fetching it around here and then trying to square myself with the fisherman somehow," said Tom.

"Your father would have to pay for the boat in case it was not sent back, and that would make trouble for you."

"I guess I could stand it. I want to see this man make his escape. I am satisfied he has been the victim of his designing relative, and I believe in justice."

"If he is really in the right, why couldn't he appeal to the authorities of the village?"

"He could, but what good would it do him? Dr. Noel would bring a dozen of his people to swear he is insane. He could point to the fact of his patient having been fifteen years in his charge as self-evident of his condition."

"But the gentleman could swear it is all the result of a conspiracy."

"How is he going to prove that it is? The Noel crowd would swear that the conspiracy idea is his mania. They would show that while the sanitarium is a private institution its peculiar character brings it under the authority of the State. I have heard that there is a regular lunacy commission which visits public and private institutions having insane patients, twice a year, and examines each patient, and to receive the reports of the person in charge."

"If that's so how is it that this gentleman was never able to explain his position?"

"I couldn't tell you. I guess Dr. Noel has methods to meet the emergency. I've read that sometimes sane patients are put in a strait-jacket at such times, and while the investigators are making their rounds the soles of the victims' feet are tickled with a feather until they are driven temporarily into convulsions, in which condition they are exhibited as violent patients."

"Such a thing as that is an outrage."

"Sure it is, but it isn't the only outrage that takes place in this country of ours. It's hard for the fellow who is down to buck against the chap who is up, if the latter has particular reasons for keeping his man down."

The boys were now in the crevasse, and were undecided whether to hang around or go back to the inn. While they were figuring on the question, the chief constable of Stormport and two deputies appeared.

"Hello, Tom Jones!" said Constable Smith. "Have you been down on the beach?"

"No, we haven't been as far as that."

"Seen any one around the rocks?"

"We just saw three men on the shore."

"Three men?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you heard about the escaped lunatic?"

"Oh, yes! Do you think he's down in this neighborhood?"

"He might be. There are lots of places where he could hide along the cliffs."

"As the cliffs run a long distance, you'll have a nice job looking for him if that's your mission. He might have gone in a dozen different directions."

"He has been traced down this way."

"Is that so? The man who called at the inn and told us about the patient did not have any certain idea that he had come this way."

"I know. I had an interview with him; but a short time ago another messenger from the sanitarium called on me and said that the fugitive was seen making for the cliffs hereabouts, and as there is a reward of \$250 for his capture, we're over here to make it. The chap is bound to show himself, for he can't live on air."

At that point the three men who had been on the shore came up the crevasse. The constable and his party went forward to meet them, and Tom and Will concluded to return to the inn.

CHAPTER IX.—The Capture and Escape.

"I'm afraid, with six men after him around here, that the gentleman is almost certain to be captured," said Will.

"I'll admit that the chances are against him, but I hope he'll elude them," replied Tom.

When they reached the inn they found an auto there and a man from the sanitarium drinking at the bar and talking to Bill and Jerry Drake about the escaped patient. He was the man who had started the constable and his party on the hunt, spurred on with an offer of \$250 for the fugitive's capture. The boys hung around, listening, and learned considerable about the history of the alleged lunatic. The man spoke about his mania.

"He's been going on that way ever since he came to us, fifteen years ago, when the sanitarium was on the outskirts of Portland," he said.

"He thinks he's a rich Belfast lumber man, eh? Haw! haw! haw!" put in Drake.

"How did he get that idea into his head?" asked Bill.

"How does any lunatic get his wits crossed? He had a different mania when we first got him. He was put in a cell next to a man from Belfast who had been in the lumber business, and whose name was Edward Randall. The two probably held communication and became friendly in their crazy way. The man from Belfast took cold and died. The day he was buried this chap, Dexter, started in to insist that he was Edward Randall and that his friend Dexter had just been taken away. At first he wanted Dexter brought back, then he forgot about the matter, but the mania that he is Randall has never left him."

Tom noticed that a broad grin rested on Jerry Drake's face while the man was making this explanation.

"And he imagines he's the victim of a conspiracy?" said Bill, pulling at his pipe.

"That's what he does. These crazy people get the most extraordinary hallucinations into their heads. Why, there's a chap at the State asylum who insists that he is George Washington."

"Have another drink on me," said Jerry Drake, throwing a gold piece on the bar.

"Gee! He's got money, after all," thought Tom, whose impression of Jerry was that he was broke.

Bill made the change, giving Drake four bills and some change.

"Don't say I never gave you anything," said Drake, tossing Tom one of the bills.

The boy picked it up from the floor and found it was a \$5 one.

"This is five dollars, Mr. Drake," he said, astonished at the man's liberality, and thinking that he must have made a mistake.

"Stick it in your pocket. There's more where that came from," said Drake carelessly, shoving the rest of the money in his own pocket.

"Thank you," said Tom.

"You're welcome, youngster."

"You must be well heeled to chuck bills around that way," remarked the man from the sanitarium.

"Sure I am. I make 'em to order," grinned Drake.

He pulled out a handful of \$10 gold pieces and slapped them on the bar.

"Gaze on them," he said, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I don't wonder you can stand the drinks," said the man from the sanitarium. "You certainly have the dust."

At that moment there was a tramping of feet outside. The boys went to the door and saw the constables and the other three men coming up with the fugitive in their hands.

"Gracious! they've got him!" said Tom, with a keen sense of sympathy for the prisoner.

He had apparently put up a good fight, for his clothes were torn and there were scratches on his face and hands. The unfortunate man was marched into the inn, and the chap from the sanitarium uttered an ejaculation of intense satisfaction when he saw him.

"Got him on the cliffs, eh?" he said to Constable Smith.

"We found him hiding in a hole in the rocks above the pool," replied the constable.

"What pool?" asked the other.

"A land-locked one close to the shore where the boys go fishing."

Jerry Drake caught one look at the fugitive, gathered up his gold in haste and started for the back door.

"Hold on, Jerry Drake!" said Tom, in a loud tone, meant to attract the prisoner's attention to their visitor, in the hope that something might come of the recognition that would help the fugitive.

"Jerry Drake! Is that man Jerry Drake?" cried Edward Randall, in sudden excitement, looking after that individual, whose back was turned to him.

With a sudden effort he broke away from the constables and sprang after Jerry. Grabbing the stalwart visitor at the inn he swung him around and looked at his bearded face.

"You scoundrel! I recognize you in spite of

your beard. I am Edward Randall. Look at me well and then tell me what you did with my boy —my little son."

With an imprecation, Drake flung the patient off and he fell back into the hands of the officers who had rushed after him.

"I will have an answer!" cried Edward Randall furiously, as he vainly struggled to reach the man again.

"Bring him out to my car," said the attache of the sanitarium. "He's got one of his dangerous fits on now. A rope, somebody, to tie him with!"

"Get a piece of line, Tom," ordered Bill.

Tom dashed out the front way, but not to get any line to tie the fugitive. A sudden thought occurred to him. He sprang for the automobile, and in a minute he did something to it that would put it out of business the moment it was started up. A desperate fight was going on inside to hold the prisoner. The officers didn't want to hurt him, and his clothes were torn much more. To throw off suspicion from himself, Tom concluded to fetch the line. The prisoner was bound hand and foot and carried to the auto, followed by everybody, though Drake kept somewhat in the background. It was arranged that Constable Smith and one of his attaches should go in the car and hold the patient, who, however, was now quite helpless.

When all was ready for the start, the sanitarium man cranked up, jumped in and turned on the power. There was a crash and the machine ran only a few yards. With an exclamation the attache made an investigation and discovered that a couple of stones had been dropped into the machinery and that it was wrecked. The man was mad all over and declared that somebody had put the car on the "fritz" designedly.

"Nobody around here would do such a thing," said the constable.

"You see the stones, don't you?" cried the man, pointing.

The constable saw them, and so did everybody else.

"This is an outrage," said the man.

"Do you mean to accuse any of us?" said one of the men who had helped capture Randall. "You'd better be careful."

"Is this your work?" cried the attache, looking alternately at Tom and Will.

"Certainly not," answered Will indignantly. "How could I do it? I wasn't near your car; neither was Tom."

Tom himself said nothing.

"Bill Jones is something of a machinist in the car line. He'll help you fix up the damage," said the constable.

"It can't be fixed outside a machine shop," said the man. "How am I going to get my man to the sanitarium? Have you got a wagon?" to the proprietor of the inn.

"Yes. If you want the use of it I shall charge you five dollars."

"I don't care what it costs. The doctor will pay. Get it out here."

"Here, Tom," said Bill, looking around, but Tom was not in sight. "Where is the boy?"

"Went in the house, maybe," suggested the constable.

Tom hadn't gone into the house. The moment

he heard the wagon suggested he had slipped out of view on the other side of the car. The prisoner was alone on the back seat. Tom cautiously opened the door and his jack-knife at the same time. Bending low, he cut the line that held the prisoner's legs. Then he reached up and quickly slashed his other bonds.

"Now's your chance, Mr. Randall; dash down the road and make for the woods yonder. It's your only hope to escape."

Tom dropped in the dust and crawled under the machine. Looking out, he saw the late prisoner running down the road. His escape was not immediately observed, as all hands were congregated around the forward part of the car. Suddenly one of the party noticed that the prisoner was not on the seat.

"The patient has tumbled under the seat," he said to the attache.

"Let him tumble," said the man impatiently. "What do I care?"

Nothing further was said about the fugitive for some minutes, during which the unhappy man improved his start. Bill had gone into the inn looking for Tom, while the rest of the party talked with the attache. The innkeeper couldn't find Tom, as a matter of course, so he finally went to the barn himself. As Edward Randall dashed into the thick hedge and disappeared his escape was discovered. Then there was excitement to burn. The pieces of line, showing plainly they had been cut, were examined, and it was clear that some one had helped the prisoner to get away. The sanitarium attache was furious.

"There's a traitor in our midst!" he cried. "This rope is evidence of the fact. The person that put those stones in the machinery is guilty of this, too. Where are those boys?"

"Here's one," said the constable, indicating Will.

"Where's the other? He's the guilty party and shall be severely punished for this."

"He was ordered to harness the horse to the light wagon for you," said Will. "You'll find him at the barn."

"Don't stand around like a bunch of wooden men," howled the attache, to the party. "Why don't you go look for the man?"

"Which direction did he take?" asked one of the party.

Nobody knew.

"Scatter, all of you, and look for him," said Constable Smith. "Come, Jack, Jim, we'll go down to that wood. It's the most likely place to attract him."

All hands, except the sanitarium man, got a move on and hurried different ways. The attache fumed around and swore like a trooper. He could not understand how the prisoner could have got far from the car without somebody seeing him. He began to believe that at least two of the party were pulling against him, though what their object could be was not very clear. Suddenly it occurred to him to look under the car. The patient might have crawled there in the hope of being overlooked. Down he got on his knees and squinted under the machine. He saw a figure there which he naturally concluded was his man. It was Tom, as the reader knows. The attache reached in and seized his foot.

"Come out of there, Randall, I've got you!" he cried triumphantly.

Tom kicked himself free, picked up a small stone and flung it at the man. He took no particular aim, but the stone landed on one of his eyes. He uttered a cry of pain and covered the injured member. Tom then flung several handfuls of dirt and dust at him, compelling him to haul away. Then the boy crawled out on the off side and crept around to the front. The attache was acting like a wild man. He got a wrench from the tool box and rushed around the rear of the car to tackle the supposed fugitive from the other side. Tom took advantage of that move to dart for the door of the inn and enter the public room. He was covered with dust and dirt, and he ran through and up to his room to brush himself off. At that moment Bill drove out of the yard in his light wagon, and he found the sanitarium attache in a puzzled rage over the strange disappearance of the man he had been sure was under the car.

CHAPTER X.—Jerry Drake Interviews Tom.

When Tom looked cautiously from the front door, ten minutes later, he saw his foster father and the sanitarium man talking beside the damaged car. Will was coming up the road with Jerry Drake. The pair had only made a bluff of looking for the fugitive. While Drake was interested in Randall's capture, he had no wish to encounter him again. They reached the car and then heard the attache's story about the patient having taken refuge under the machine and then made his escape in some mysterious way. Then Tom joined the group.

"Where have you been?" asked Bill suspiciously, while the attache eyed him in a way that was far from pleasant.

"I was up in my room," said Tom, quite truthfully.

"What took you there?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"You know that the prisoner has escaped, don't you?"

"I see he has," answered Tom.

"You are suspected of having helped him off."

"Me!" ejaculated the boy, with an innocent look.

"Yes, you!" cried the attache. "I wish I could prove it and I'd have you arrested and punished."

"What reason have you for suspecting me?" asked Tom.

"Because you've been acting mighty funny since the patient was brought here. I'd like to know what interest you take in him?"

"I don't see why you think I am taking interest in him."

"Well, somebody has been helping him, that's certain, and I wouldn't be surprised if both you boys were in it."

"You're off your base," said Will.

"Take the wagon back and let it stand in the yard," said Bill to Tom.

"Come on, Will," said Tom, and the boy went into the yard, leading the horse.

"You worked the game mighty slick, Tom. Where did Mr. Randall go?"

"Into the woods, yonder."

"The three constables went there."

"I know it; but I guess the gentleman, with the start he had, will be able to keep out of the way."

"How did you manage to cut him loose?"

Tom explained.

"You put the stones in the machinery of the car?"

"I did, when I went after the rope."

"I knew you must have done it. Gee! but that chap is wild over what has happened. One of his eyes is bunged up. You did that, and the joke is he lays it to his late prisoner. It's a wonder he didn't recognize you when he discovered you under the car."

"He thought it was Mr. Randall's foot he had hold of, and before he could find out his mistake I flung the stone and followed it up with a lot of dirt, to confuse him and give me a chance to crawl out."

"Which you did."

"Of course. I escaped detection by the skin of my teeth. I am suspected, but that amounts to nothing."

It was some time, about sundown, when the searchers all got back without having found a trace of the fugitive. The hunt was then given up for the present, the detectives walking back to the village. The other three men lived in Rockdale, and they saw quite a walk before them. They had started after the fugitive on the promise of \$50 each if they caught him, and \$10 each if they didn't.

They decided they were through and wanted to collect the \$10.

"We'll chip in half a dollar each toward a ride on the wagon if you'll put up the rest," said they to the attache.

The sanitarium man was only willing to pay a dollar. Bill agreed to let Tom drive them to the outskirts of Rockdale for the \$2.50 and so the matter was settled. Tom brought the wagon out, and the four men, with Will, jumped in. Will got off at the lane running up to his home and then Tom drove on. The sanitarium man tried to trap Tom into a confession of having helped the patient to escape, but the boy was too smart to get caught. He got back to the inn about eight o'clock, and found the usual Saturday night crowd at the house.

His supper was kept warm in the oven for him, and while he ate it he told Jenny about the stirring events of the afternoon, which she had only partially learned of by hearing the talk at the supper table. Mrs. Bill had looked after the front of the house, in Tom's place, and consequently she had only a hazy idea of the happenings. After supper Tom did a few chores and then went to his room. There was a light in Drake's room, which showed he was there. Tom wondered why he was, for it didn't seem natural for him to remain away from the company downstairs. Tom had been in his room over five minutes when the door opened and Drake walked in.

"Hello, Mr. Drake!" said Tom.

"Look here, young man, why did you shout to me by name in the public room this afternoon when the lunatic was there?" said Drake.

"I wondered where you were going off to," answered the boy. "What difference did it make?"

"You saw what difference it made. It set the crazy man on to me."

"How should I know it would have that effect?"

"That's what I came in here to find out."

"Do you expect me to tell you?"

"I expect you to assign a reason for it."

"How can I reason out the actions of a man out of his mind?"

"Maybe you don't think he's out of his mind."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Look here, young man, you are trying to evade my question."

"How am I?"

"Don't you run away with the idea that I am asleep, Tom Jones. If your old man, Bill Jones, is an easy mark for you to practice on, I'm quite the opposite. I came in here to have an understanding with you. I want to know what you have learned about this man who calls himself Edward Randall?"

"I have learned what the men from the sanitarium have said about him."

"And what else?"

"How could I learn anything else?"

"There you go again, trying to evade a direct answer. You and your friend Will Carter went over to the shore fishing this morning, at a place called the pool. It was right above it that the escaped lunatic was caught later on. Now, I want to know, without any tom-foolery, d'ye understand, if you two met the crazy man on the rocks? Don't try to lie out of it, for I've already questioned Carter, and though he would not give me a direct answer, he let out enough to make it certain that you chaps did meet the man and talked with him."

"S'pose we did, what of it?" asked Tom defiantly.

"Then you admit that you did meet him?"

"Yes, I'll admit it."

"When you came back, why didn't you tell Bill so that he could be caught?"

"Because I was not interested in his capture."

"Why not? Don't you know it's everybody's duty to round up a dangerous man when he's at large?"

"I don't consider Mr. Randall dangerous."

"Mr. Randall, eh? Don't you know that isn't his real name?"

"I couldn't swear it isn't."

"Well, the sanitarium man ought to know, and he says it's his mania—that his right name is Dexter."

"It doesn't follow, because he says so, that it's true."

"What did the lunatic say to you two?"

"He said he was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of a relative who had him put in the sanitarium to get his business and other property away from him."

"And you believed such a preposterous story from a lunatic?"

"I won't say whether I believe it or not. He had no proof to offer to substantiate his story."

"Just so, but you believed it, just the same. You took so much stock in it that you chaps went back to the cliffs after dinner to have another interview. Then you met the constables and the other party, who were looking for the patient, and instead of telling them where they

were likely to find the lunatic, you kept your mouth shut, and if the chap had had a better hiding place he wouldn't have been caught."

Drake pulled out his pipe, slowly filled it, lighted the tobacco with some deliberation and began to smoke.

"All of which goes to show that when he was brought a prisoner to this inn, you made up your mind to save him if you could. You put the stones in the machinery of the car; you afterward cut the prisoner loose, and he is again at large. If he enters some farmhouse to-night and murders the family in their sleep, as dangerous lunatics have done before, you will be responsible."

"I'm willing to take the chances on that."

"Well, you are guilty of helping a dangerous man escape."

"I haven't admitted that I'm guilty of anything."

"Maybe you haven't, but you've denied nothing. That's equivalent to admitting your guilt. If you were brought up before the justice, he'd put you in jail for interfering with the course of justice."

"You think it's justice, then, to return a sane and perfectly healthy man to a sanitarium where he has already been kept a prisoner against his will, and against his rights as a citizen of this State, for fifteen years?"

"The man isn't sane."

"Would you be willing to go to court and swear he isn't?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, it's a wonder he isn't crazy after what he's been through. You've been away somewhere for fifteen years yourself. Where have you been—in prison?"

Jerry Drake sprang on his feet, with an oath, and glared at the boy as though he would have struck him dead.

CHAPTER XI.—Mrs. Jones Has An Attack of the Nerves.

"You young imp!" he roared. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I said," said the boy coolly. "Fifteen years is a long time for a man to be away from a place where he's left a trunkful of valuable property. It must have been something out of the usual to keep him away—something over which he had no control. If a man is in the State prison, he's likely to remain there for the term of his sentence, whether he wants to or not."

Tom's unflinching demeanor had its effect even on so stalwart a man as Drake, and he sat down without making any further demonstration.

"So you think I've been in prison, do you?" he said, with an ugly grin.

"I don't know whether you have been or not. I merely asked you if you had."

"But you had some reason for asking it."

"I've just explained my reason."

"Well, you're wrong in your guess. I've been traveling."

"For fifteen years?"

"What of it?"

"Why didn't you come back for your trunk?"

"What's that your business? The trunk was safe enough with Bill."

"Suppose dad had died and marm decided to give up the inn, she'd have been justified in selling the trunk to get rid of it."

"She wouldn't have sold it."

"How do you know she wouldn't?"

"That's my business."

"What's in it?"

"That's my business, too."

"Seems to me there's a lot of mystery about that trunk."

"What's that to you? It's my trunk, and what's in it is mine. I came by it honestly. I'm going to take it away with me to-morrow, so we won't talk no more about it."

"Then you're going to leave here to-morrow?"

"I reckon I am," said Drake, recharging his pipe.

"I heard you tell dad you might stay a week—perhaps longer. I judged by your manner it would be longer."

"I've changed my mind."

"Why? Because Edward Randall recognized you?"

Drake jumped to his feet again, with another imprecation.

"What do you mean, you young—"

"Sit down, Mr. Drake. Don't excite yourself."

"We've come back to the point I wanted to find out. The crazy man told you something about me."

"He told me something about a man named Jerry Drake. As your name is Jerry Drake, naturally I thought of you."

"Just so. What did he tell you about this Jerry Drake?"

"He said he was a foreman in his lumber yard."

"Oh, he did?"

Tom nodded.

"Seeing that he's crazy and never owned a lumber yard—go on."

"I haven't anything more to say."

"Yes, you have. Tell me all he said about Jerry Drake."

"What's the use? If you are the man, you know all he was likely to tell me. If you are another Jerry Drake, the story wouldn't interest you."

"I tell you to go on."

"You'll have to excuse me. I want to go to bed. We'll postpone the rest of this interview till to-morrow," said Tom, getting up.

"Postpone nothing. I want—"

At that moment there was a sound of footsteps in the corridor, and Bill Jones appeared at the door.

"Oh, this is where you are, Jerry," he said. Then, looking at Tom, he said: "I'm glad you haven't turned in. I want you to take our rig and go for the doctor."

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Your ma is sick. I don't know what's the matter with her. She ain't been herself since mornin'. She won't say what ails her. Acts like she had somethin' on her mind. At any rate, Jenny came and told me she's been cryin' all evenin', and talkin' terribly strange about you. She's got herself worked up so that Jenny can't do nothin' with her."

"All right, dad. I'll start right off for Doc Brown."

An hour or so later Tom arrived with the doctor.

The physician brought Mrs. Bill around, left some sleeping powders, and went away. Tom hung around until he learned that his foster mother was not in any particular danger, and then he went to bed. Next morning he kept out of Jerry Drake's way, as he did not want to continue the interview. Drake himself did not show any strong desire to renew the talk, either. He and Bill went off to the village together during the morning, Tom being left in charge of the inn, which was open on Sundays the same as any week day. Mrs. Bill came downstairs and went about her work as usual, but she was much different from her usual self. She only spoke to Jenny when it was necessary for her to do so.

Will Carter came to the inn about ten o'clock, soon after Bill and Drake departed, and he and Tom sat on the porch and talked, for very few customers dropped in for drinks before the afternoon. Tom said nothing about his interview the evening before with Drake. The conversation chiefly turned on Edward Randall, and the boys figured on his chances of reaching Belfast without a cent and looking almost like a tramp.

Tom was strangely quiet. He sat and stared into the road. A curious thought had flashed across his mind. Could it be possible that he was that kidnapped boy? He recalled his dreams of a large house in the midst of handsome grounds somewhere in the misty past. He recollects that he had been brought to a large house facing on a road by a strange man, whose features he could not bring to mind, but whose general physique, it struck him, was not unlike Jerry Drake's. His next recollection was being with Bill Jones and his wife.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" asked his friend. "I spoke to you twice and you made no answer. You looked just like a wooden cigar sign."

"Oh, nothing," replied Tom.

"Nothing! That's pretty good. Are you taken this way often?" grinned Will.

"I'll admit I was thinking of something, but it wouldn't interest you if I told you what it was," said Tom, seeking to pass it off as a matter of no consequence.

CHAPTER XII.—Jerry Drake Takes the Wind Out of Dr. Noel's Sails.

The damaged automobile still stood by the side of the road near the entrance to the inn yard. Soon after Bill and Drake returned a red auto came down the road from Rockdale and drew up at the inn. Out of it got Dr. Noel and the attache who had come in the other car. The doctor and his man went at once to the broken-down machine and looked it over, then Doctor Noel walked up to the porch and introduced himself to Bill and Drake.

"I'd like to get at the bottom of the escape of my patient after he had been captured over on the shore," he said. "My man reported to me that after he became violent here he was se-

curely bound, hand and foot, and placed in the car to be returned to the sanitarium. Then several things happened that shows somebody intervened in the patient's behalf. A couple of stones were first dropped into the machinery of the car, which paralyzed the motive power, and during the excitement which followed the patient was freed of his bonds and enabled to get away again. I want to know, Mr. Jones, as all this happened in front of your house, and you were present, if you have any suspicions of the author of the outrage?"

"I can't say that I have, sir," replied Bill. "It was the slickest piece of business I ever heard of—pulled off right under the very noses of the crowd, myself included."

"So it appears. I regret to say that my man strongly suspects your son as the guilty party, aided, perhaps, by his friend who was present," said the doctor.

"I'll take my davy that my son had no hand in it," said Bill, a bit warmly.

"I sincerely hope not, for I intend to make matters very unpleasant for the person who damaged my car and aided the patient to escape, if I succeed in discovering his identity. Is your son on the premises now?"

"He was here a few minutes ago with his friend."

"Where did they go?"

"Into the house."

"I shall consider it a favor if you will bring them out here. I desire to question them."

"Certainly. I will go and find them."

Bill got up and entered the inn.

"May I ask if you were here yesterday when the trouble happened?" Dr. Noel asked Drake.

"I was."

"I suppose you saw nothing that would throw suspicion on any one?"

"I did not; but I think I could put my hand on the party responsible for it."

"Indeed! If you will give me the necessary information, I shall be much indebted to you. In fact, I am ready to pay \$100 or even more, for information leading to the arrest of the miscreant."

"I will tell you certain facts on one condition only."

"What is the condition?"

"That you do not proceed against the party in question."

The doctor frowned.

"Then what good is your information?"

"It is this much good—it will show a motive, perhaps, for what happened. But I tell you I won't have the boy touched."

"Ah, I see!" said the doctor quickly. "You have reason to believe the Jones boy is the guilty one. That is all I wish to know. I shall have him arrested and brought before the justice. We will see if he can't be made to confess."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" roared Drake angrily.

"I am master of my own actions, sir," said Dr. Noel frigidly.

"Oh, you are, eh? Very well, we shall see if you are, you infernal scoundrel!"

"You are impudent, sir. I shall act as I think best."

"Well, you act against him and I'll blow the

whole conspiracy that has held Edward Randall a prisoner in your sanitarium for the past fifteen years."

Dr. Noel was taken clean off his feet by the straight-from-the-shoulder remarks of Jerry Drake. He saw that Drake knew things that wouldn't be well to be repeated in public, and after he recovered from the shock his demeanor became conciliatory.

"Tell me what you intend to do. I promise not to proceed against the boy," he said.

"Now you're talking sensibly. I'll put it in a few words, for I hear Bill and the boys coming. Those two boys met Randall on the rocks yesterday and he told them enough to win their sympathy. The rest followed."

Drake sat back in his chair and puffed his pipe as Bill came out of the public room, followed by Tom and Will, who had been warned to be careful what they admitted if they knew anything about the matter in question, for, privately, Bill believed they were the culprits.

"Here's my son, Tom, and this is his friend, Will Carter," said the innkeeper. "They have no objection to answering your questions."

Dr. Noel was shrewd enough to surmise that the innkeeper had put the boys on their guard. That fact, together with his promise to Drake, made his questions merely perfunctory. He was satisfied they were at the bottom of the case, but he deemed it wise not to press matters. The boys came off with flying colors, unaware that they owed their easy examination to Jerry Drake. The doctor ordered his man to turn his car around and run it ahead of the damaged one. Ropes were produced, and the two were hitched together. Then Dr. Noel and his attache started back for Rockdale at a slow pace, hauling the other machine with them. Before they went, however, the man handed Drake a penciled note, which read as follows:

"My man says your name is Drake. I will consider it a favor if you will come over to Rockdale late this afternoon, or this evening, and visit me at the sanitarium. I would like to have a talk with you.
FELIX NOEL."

Drake read the note with a grim smile and put the paper in his pocket.

"I don't imagine I shall take the trouble to oblige him, as I have other fish to fry. I expect to be on my way to Boston by water soon after sundown, with the world before me and the wherewith to make the mare go," he said to himself.

Here Jenny came to the door and announced dinner. The two men got up and went in. Will said it was time for him to go to his own dinner, so he said good-by and started off, leaving Tom in company with his own thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.—A Golden Treasure.

Tom went to his dinner when his foster-father and Drake came out. He had done some hard thinking while by himself, and an idea had occurred to him that made the old mysterious trunk in the attic stand out in a new light. What

made it so heavy he couldn't guess, nor did it greatly concern him, but he wondered if the trunk contained any secret that would throw a light on his own young life. He had accumulated a strong suspicion that Jerry Drake was the person who had brought him to that locality and turned him over to Bill Jones. If he could secure some evidence of the fact then the missing link between him and his real parentage would probably be found. Wonderful, indeed, it would be if he turned out to be the kidnapped son of the unfortunate Edward Randall.

The trunk now had an added interest to him, yet how was he ever going to get a peep into it, for Drake was going to leave that evening and take it away with him. He had finished his dinner and was about to leave the kitchen, when Jenny came to him and said:

"I found this key in the corridor after I had made up your bed and Mr. Drake's. It's a peculiar kind of a brass key, and I thought perhaps it might belong to our visitor. I tried it on his grip, but it didn't begin to fit. I don't know anything in the house that it would fit. Maybe Will Carter dropped it out of his pocket. You had better take it and find the owner, if you can."

The moment Tom looked at it he thought of the old trunk in the attic. He believed Drake had lost it in the corridor. Here was his chance, perhaps, to see what was in the trunk, and also to search it for some clue connected with himself. He walked outside to see where Drake was. Tom looked out on the porch, but Drake was not there.

"I guess he's in his room," thought Tom. "I will go up and see."

The boy walked upstairs and, with an excuse to account for his intrusion, he opened Jerry's door and looked in, but the bearded man was not there. He started up the attic stairs and entered the unfinished room. The window, which swung in one piece on hinges, was wide open, and the afternoon sun shone in warm and bright, lighting up the place with a cheerful glow. The old trunk no longer stood in the corner, but had been pulled forward within a yard of the short flight of steps leading from the door up into the room.

Jerry had evidently hauled it there ready to carry it away when the time came. With a fluttering heart Tom knelt beside it and inserted the brass key. It fitted exactly. One turn and the lock snapped back. Nothing remained for him to do but lift the lid to catch sight of the mysterious contents of the trunk.

"Here goes!" he said, throwing it up.

One look inside and he gasped with astonishment. What he saw was what he least expected to gaze upon. The old trunk was apparently filled with ten-dollar gold pieces. A veritable fortune—a golden treasure—lay before his entranced vision.

"Money—gold!" he cried, rubbing his eyes to make sure he saw aright. "Where in creation did Jerry Drake get hold of this? He could hardly have stolen so much. And it's been lying here in our attic for fifteen years untouched."

Tom grabbed a handful of the gold and let it run through his fingers. It gave forth a musical jingle. Under the fascination of the gold, Tom

had forgotten the real purpose of his visit to the attic. He now recalled it. But as far as he could see, the trunk held nothing but money. To say the truth, Tom was disappointed. He had hoped to find something that would throw light upon the subject uppermost in his mind—how he came to be a member of Bill Jones' household.

Since there was nothing of that nature in the trunk—and the gold belonged to Jerry Drake—he had no further reason for remaining in the attic. He was about to close the lid when he heard a rush of steps behind him and, turning his head, he perceived that the owner of the trunk had caught him. Drake's face flamed with rage.

"So it was you who found the key, and you've come here to rob me of my gold!" he cried, his voice thick with passion. "You ungrateful cub, I'll break every bone in your body. Out the window you shall go, and may you break your infernal neck."

With those words, Drake seized him in an iron grip and dragged him over to the window despite his struggles, for he was like an infant in the powerful and enraged man's grasp. The boy's foot caught against a box on the floor, and the shock wrenched him out of Drake's grasp. Tom wriggled a few feet away and tried to scramble to his feet. At that moment Will Carter came into the corridor below in search of his friend. The boy's effort to escape was unsuccessful. The bearded man seized Tom and forced him out on the window sill.

"Help! Help!" shrieked the boy, gripping the sides of the window in a despairing effort to save himself.

Will, hearing his cry, came running up the stairs. He saw Tom's peril and, though he knew he was no match for Drake, he jumped upon the man like a wildcat and began thumping him in the face.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion

The uproar in the attic attracted the attention of Jenny, who was in the yard. She looked up at the window and saw Tom hanging half out, in the grasp of Jerry Drake. In great alarm she rushed into the public room and told Bill Jones. The innkeeper, much astonished, rushed upstairs to investigate, spurred on by the sounds he heard coming from the attic. When he bounded up the stairs into the room he saw Drake in a rough-and-tumble struggle with the two boys. He took a hand at once and pulled Jerry away, compelling him to release the two boys, who got on their feet much the worse for the scrap.

"What in thunder is the matter with you, Jerry?" demanded Bill.

"That's the matter with me," said the bearded man, pointing at the open trunk. "I caught that fine son of yours robbing me."

"I admit the first part of your statement, but not the last," said Tom.

"You found the key and came here to rob me."

"I found the key, but did not come to rob you. I did not dream that the trunk was full of money. I was curious to see what was in a trunk that had been so many years in our attic."

"You had no right to do it, Tom. I warned you ag'in it," said Bill, with a frown. "Lock your trunk, Jerry, and come downstairs."

Drake locked his trunk and put the key in his pocket, following the rest of the party downstairs. The boys went out in front and sat down.

"I'm much obliged to you, Will, for coming to my aid. I believe Drake really meant to drop me out of the window. He was mad enough to do it, anyway."

"You're welcome, old fellow," said Will. "The mystery of the old trunk seems to be explained. It's full of money. Where did the money come from?"

"That's a mystery that hasn't been explained yet."

"Do you think your father knows?"

"I couldn't tell you. I couldn't even tell you whether he knew there was money in the trunk."

An auto came down the road from Rockdale. In it were Dr. Noel and the stranger who had been the cause of Mrs. Bill's nervous attack. It stopped just beyond the inn and the stranger beckoned to the boys. Tom went to see what he wanted.

"There is a man named Jerry Drake stopping at the inn, I believe?" said the man.

"Yes," answered Tom.

"Tell him a gentleman wishes to see him a moment."

Tom returned to the porch and entered the public room. Drake was standing at the end of the bar smoking and looking rather sour. Tom went up to him and delivered his message.

"A gentleman, eh? And he wants to see me?"

"Yes."

"You go back and tell him if he wants to see me he can come in here."

Tom carried the message back to the man in the car.

"Go and tell him I'm Lawrence Graham, and that he must come out."

Lawrence Graham! Tom's ears tingled at the name. This was the relative Edward Randall accused of being a Judas. The boy looked fixedly at him.

"What are you staring at, boy? Do as I bid you!" said Graham.

Tom went back to the public room.

"He says you must come out to his car. His name is Lawrence Graham."

Drake looked startled for an instant. Recovering himself, he stepped behind the bar, picked up Bill's revolver, which he put in his pocket, and walked outside with a swaggering air. Tom returned to his seat on the porch. He and Will watched Drake go over to the auto. Dr. Noel had in the meantime left the rear seat for a front one beside the chauffeur. Graham pointed to the vacated seat and told Drake to get in. Drake refused. Some argument followed, and then the gentleman suddenly drew a revolver and covered Drake, at the same time pointing to the seat again.

"You've got the drop on me. I'll come," said Drake.

He made a move to get in, and Graham dropped his arm. Quick as a wink, Drake pulled out his gun and fired at the man in the auto. Tom and Will sprang up, with ejaculations of dismay. Lawrence Graham clasped one hand to his breast and, as he fell forward, he raised his revolver and fired at Jerry, who was backing away. Drake

staggered back and fell in a heap into the hedge. Everybody in the inn came rushing out in great excitement.

The auto, however, swung around and started back at full speed toward Rockdale.

Tom told what had happened and there was a rush for the hedge.

Jerry was lifted and carried into the public room.

When a physician sent for arrived and examined Drake's wound he said it was fatal and he could not survive the night.

He did what he could to make the dying man comfortable and then went away.

Bill remained with his old friend and Tom remained in charge downstairs, but he presently got orders to dismiss the customers and shut up.

Will went home.

Tom was then called upstairs.

"Tell him," said Drake to Bill.

The innkeeper looked nervously at his foster-son for some moments.

"Tom, you know I'm not your real father," he said.

"Yes."

"You've often asked me to tell you who you were, and I told you I didn't know, which was a fact. I didn't know till Jerry told me a few minutes ago. It was Jerry who turned you over to me fifteen years ago."

"And kidnapped me from Belfast," said Tom.

"How did you learn that?" said Bill, in surprise.

"Then my father's name is Edward Randall."

Then Tom told about the interview he had had

on the rocks with his own father, though at the time he was not aware of the relationship.

"So that was the reason you helped the prisoner to escape yesterday?"

"Yes, dad, that was the reason."

"And to think it was your own father you were doing the favor to," said Bill. "Well, I s'pose me and your mother'll lose you now. It's goin' to break Maria's heart, for she thinks more of you than she'll admit."

"I'll never go back on either of you, dad, don't worry. You shall see me often."

Jerry died several hours later, with the going out of the tide, and Bill saw that he received a first-class funeral.

The money in the trunk was counted and footed up \$60,000.

Half went to Tom and the balance to Bill.

The boy learned that Jerry found the money hidden in a hole in the cliffs.

Lawrence Graham died inside of a week from the wound Jerry gave him.

The meeting between Tom and his real father was a most affecting one.

The boy learned that his right name was Jack Randall, and he adopted it at once.

He went to live in the big house where he was born in Belfast, and eventually he went into his father's business as junior partner.

Next week's issue will contain "HAL'S BUSINESS VENTURE; OR, MAKING A SUCCESS OF HIMSELF."

TAKE NOTICE!

The Cash Prize Contest in "Mystery Magazine No. 95, out October 15th, will end on November 15th, 1921.

Have You Entered the Contest?

If not, get a copy of the magazine, read the conditions, and try to win some of the genuine money we are offering. You still have time to join the contest before it closes.

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WATCH FOR No. 96, OUT NOVEMBER 1st

It Is Filled With Fine Stories and Good Illustrations

CURRENT NEWS

LUXURY TO FARMERS RESULTS FROM CROPS.

Moxee, Wash., claims the record for prosperity this summer against any other town. During the past week there were unloaded at the 10x12 depot freight house here thirty-four pianos and seventeen automobiles. Among the pianos were three of the baby grand variety. The autos were all of the style known as the middle price and better.

In addition to these luxuries, six carloads of the latest labor saving appliances for housewives, tools and farm machinery were delivered to buyers.

The reason for the fat wallets was the stupendous crop of peaches, pears and grapes which literally fell into an empty market at high prices. Ranchers in this irrigated valley have also received big returns for wheat, oats and barley.

Most of the apple crop has been sold to Eastern buyers who will go into the orchard, pick, pack and ship the fruit, with no work left for the owner but to cash the check.

WOMEN'S BANKS GONE.

Feminity's favorite bank is "busted." It's been "busted," according to B. V. Dela Hunt, cashier of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank, Milwaukee, Wis., ever since short skirts and lace stockings have had their innings.

"A few years ago," Mr. Dela Hunt said, "when a woman came in to make a deposit, she invariably rushed to our ladies' parlor and fumbled about her hosiery before she walked to the teller's window. We established a retiring room so the depositors should have no embarrassment in connection with 'digging up' their funds. We also have a woman's teller's window in the parlor, so if she desires, the woman depositor can transact her business without going into the main part of the bank.

"However, now the majority of women walk straight to the general teller's window and take their funds from an inside jacket pocket or from a handbag, and pay no attention to the room especially fixed for them."

SQUIRRELS OVERRUN PARKS OF VANCOUVER.

Twenty years ago L. L. Williams took eleven gray squirrels from Kentucky to Vancouver and liberated them in a Vancouver park. To-day Vancouver residents wish Williams had his squirrels back in Kentucky.

Since the squirrels arrived Vancouver has developed a flourishing filbert and English walnut industry and the squirrels have developed into a small army, overflowing the park and spreading out over the city.

A. A. Quarrenberg, one of the leading nut growers, expressed the sentiment of the growers:

"It would not be so bad if they would bury the nuts in one place, for then we would have no trouble digging up our nut crop. But the

squirrels bury each nut separately, and then they usually forget where they leave them."

The bad memory of the squirrel is expected to lead them into difficulty. Although several thousands work twelve to fourteen hours daily burying nuts, the city is forced to buy an average of \$50 worth every year to feed them in the winter. Increased taxes cause the city council to find ways and means of cutting expenses, and a movement is on foot to collect all squirrels at large, take them 100 miles back in the mountains and turn them loose.

KISSING IN MOVIES BARRED IN JAPAN.

Japanese police object to kissing in public, and therefore firm stars are not permitted to osculate on the screen, according to G. L. Stixrud, a motion picture exporter, who has just returned from Japan.

In the six months ending July 1, censors removed 2,350 kisses from films, only one kiss being allowed to remain. It was the kiss granted to the King by the Queen in "We Are King," and was shown in Tokio only, as the censors deleted it before permitting the photoplay to be offered in the prefectures.

Over 300 embraces were omitted from films, but few sex plays were otherwise altered. The titles of over 2,000 plays were made over and 127 murder scenes were killed. The reels that were entirely prohibited numbered 37.

The Japanese like most of all pictures showing life in big cities, races of automobiles, locomotives, air-planes and other modes of speed and adventure.

BIG CINNABAR DEPOSIT.

An enormous deposit of Cinnabar ore, from which quicksilver is obtained, has been discovered near San Miguel, State of Wacatecas, Mex., by Emilio M. Gaya, according to information received at Monterey.

It is stated that the outcroppings of the ore are extensive and that it is rich in quicksilver, in addition to the native mercury that is found in the underground crevasses of the ore. Preliminary investigations lead to the belief that the deposit may be as large as the famous quicksilver mines of Alameden, Spain, and those of the New Alameden of California. In the same locality of the new discovery are situated the Maravillas and Ascencion cinnabar mines which for many years have been the principal sources of Mexico's quicksilver production, it is stated.

Gaya plans to develop the new property. In the Terlingua District of the Upper Border Region of Texas several cinnabar mines have been in operation for more than twenty years. These mines are situated close to the Rio Grande and outcroppings of cinnabar ore have been found on the Mexican side of the river just opposite the mines in Texas, but as yet no steps have been taken toward their development.

Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

(A Serial Story.)

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER I.

Just Why They Called Him Daring Dan.

He was not a tall, heavy fellow, nor was he built after the pattern of a professional athlete.

He was not a proud-looking lad, either, and his manners were as kind and gracious as though he had never raised his hand in anger or fighting during his entire life.

And yet, Dan Dobson, just turned eighteen, had the reputation for being the most determined and valiant fighter, at any sort of tussle, in the whole Blue River valley.

He had always been a defender of the weak and helpless, and as the son of a government official, he had been in a position where he learned of many wrongs to right, and had many chances for his willingness to work for the right.

Dan's father, Colonel Dobson, was the United States Marshal for that district of Tennessee, appointed by the President of the United States to his high position.

He was a very fearless and brave man, and beloved by his neighbors in the pleasant and prosperous little city of Hillsdale. Yet, as must happen with a man who has a high sense of duty, while occupying a position of such a prominence, he had made many enemies among the rougher elements of that part of the States.

Tennessee, as the reader doubtless knows, is a mountainous State. The hills are overrun with desperate characters who take advantage of their natural protection to carry on their own free manner of living.

It is one of the most troublesome states as regards illicit manufacturing of whisky, or, as the natives call it, "moonshining"—a name given to the making of a certain crude grade of whisky because the men go back and forth from their secret "stills" in the night time, and do a good part of their work by the light of the moon.

Colonel Dobson had been instrumental not alone in capturing a great gang of the moonshiners, near Hillsdale, but under his direction the government sleuths had destroyed at least a dozen expensive plants for the manufacture of this whisky, without the payment of the revenue tax.

So, it was, that Dan Dobson, his son, had an opportunity to win his nickname of "Daring Dan." These same moonshiners swore vengeance upon the honest colonel, who acted only on his orders from the government, and had shown them all the consideration possible.

Part of the evil crew were languishing behind penitentiary bars, but those of the gang who were uncaptured hounded down the good old man with the fiendish determination which characterizes mountain feudists.

One day, while riding with his son Dan, the old man, who had ridden on ahead for some trifling reason, was attacked without warning by a dozen desperadoes who were concealed behind a jutting ledge of rock, on the lower side of the mountain road.

Dan spurred his horse frantically at the sound of his father's first call for help.

He arrived there just in time to save him, for the men were beating the colonel with clubs until he was already unconscious. A farmhouse was near by—a small structure occupied by a man with his little family—and for this reason the rascals tried to keep their work as silent as possible.

Dan Dobson's horse clattered up, and into the group, who stood around the old colonel, where they had pulled him to the ground.

Whish!

With his riding-whip, the youth belabored the men, and drove them away from his father.

One fellow drew a knife upon him, and attempted to hamstring the horse, but Dan's horse gave him a terrific kick which landed fairly under the man's chin. When this worthy came to his consciousness, he saw his fellow rogues chasing the brave Dan down the road, as the youth held his unconscious father across the saddle before him.

It was a terrific ride, but Dan managed to keep the colonel in position, and in a few minutes out-distanced the men on foot. He dashed into the gateway to a farm owned by a friend, and left his father there for medicinal attention.

Now, then, came the part which made the lad famous around the entire countryside.

Unabashed by the terrible punishment which had been visited on his parent's head, Dan borrowed a double-barreled shotgun.

Back up the road he sped, with his panting horse, Starlight, and after the rascals he went in deadly earnest.

It was a foolhardy thing for this young chap to do; yet, he weighed every chance in the balance, and still went on with his wits sharp and his determination unshaken by any fear of consequences.

The men were not in sight, when he reached the scene of his father's beating.

But that did not deter him.

"Those men are from back in Chicamauga Run," muttered the young Tennessean. "I'll stake my life on that, and I'll go right up there through this valley. Up, Starlight, up!"

No sooner thought than executed.

He jumped over a scraggling fence along the road, and took a rolling mountain meadow, toward the east. This led by a short cut to a little hamlet called Chicamauga Run, notorious for the low class of residents in it.

The horse was loping along over the smooth meadow grass, when suddenly a shot rang out, and the wide-brimmed hat was knocked from Dan's head by the force of the bullet.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

GIVES BACK LOOT.

Leslie Murray of Stockton, Cal., always believed in the saying, "There is honor even among thieves," but now he is convinced of it. A thief relieved him of his wallet the other night in Golden Gate Park and then returned it to him, notwithstanding the fact that it was filled with greenbacks.

Murray and a young woman acquaintance were in the part enjoying the moonlight. They were sitting on a bench in a sequestered spot.

"I do not like this place," said the young woman. "It offers too good an opportunity for hold-ups."

Five minutes later two men crept from the bushes, and while one pointed a gun at Murray the other relieved him of his wallet and then started to search him.

"Stand up!" said the man with the gun. The woman arose immediately, but Murray explained: "You will have to give me my crutches. I am lame and cannot stand without them."

"Give him his crutches and help him up," came the order. Murray was on his feet and the hold-up's accessory started to search him. Again the voice said, "Wait a moment," and, turning to Murry, "How long have you been a cripple, young man?"

"Four years," answered Murry.

The robber grew thoughtful. "Give him back his money and his ring," he said. "I'll have to be a great deal lower than I am before I'll take money from a cripple."

Both men disappeared as suddenly as they came.

NICKELS AND DIMES PREVENT HARD TIMES.

"What finer proposition could you ask than this? If you keep a quarter in your pocket, you probably will spend it for something you do not really need. If you buy a thrift stamp, you are unlikely to part with it, for it becomes property to you, just like a ball or a wagon or a calf or a pig or a house and lot. You have an increased desire to keep it. It is a pleasure for you to know that you possess it. And yet you realize you can cash it whenever you want to do so for more than you paid for it. It does not depreciate in value, but steadily increases. By buying it you have served your country without cost to yourself save denial of something you did not need badly.

"You develop the habit of saving and accumulating property. As your earnings grow greater you invest more each week, for now you see that you can accomplish some desired thing. To some boy or girl this may mean a college education which otherwise could not be acquired. To another it may mean the ultimate purchase of a store, or a mechanic's shop, or a piece of farm land. To some it may mean the maintaining of a family when there is no work to be had. Hundreds of workmen at Akron, Cleveland, and other Ohio points are now cashing their War Savings

Stamps to buy food and clothing for their families. They saved when they were making money; now they do not have to beg, as many who saved nothing are compelled to do.

"It may surprise some people to know that since the latter part of 1917 Ohioans have purchased \$136,000,000 worth of Government savings securities, and these securities have been sold by the Government at the phenomenally low cost of one quarter of 1 per cent. But the point is that the people not only have bought but have kept these securities. Less than 20 per cent. have been cashed. Thus our Ohioans have saved more than \$100,000,000 worth of property which they otherwise probably would have spent, and this property is paying them annually more than \$5,000,000 in interest. And that this habit of saving has also extended to other forms is shown by the fact that in this country the bank savings deposits have increased from 55 per cent. in the smallest instance to 200 per cent. in the largest.

"Saving nickels and dimes is the road to success for the individual and the road to prosperity for the Nation."

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

A QUEER CASE OF MADNESS.

By PAUL BRADDON.

"Yes," said the doctor, "you are right. The vagaries of madness are many and singular, as well as amusing at times."

"Amusing?" I echoed.

"Yes."

"Will you illustrate the assertion?"

"Very well; I will gratify your curiosity. I have in the past told you many singular things illustrative of the phases that madness takes, so you will not be so much surprised at a woman's becoming crazed on the point of considering that she was made of glass."

"Made of glass?" I laughed outright.

"Yes, made of glass. And your laughing over my simple statement proves that there is sometimes an amusing side to insanity or warping of the mind."

"Tell me about the case at length."

"The lady's name was Mrs. Rarcey, and she was the wife of a banker of that name.

"How the vagary first came to take hold of her I do not know. Mr. Darcey relates that one night after they had been married about a year, he was awakened by hearing his wife sobbing.

"On asking her what the trouble was she said she had just wakened from a peculiar and distressing dream, although she would not then tell its nature.

"About a month subsequent to that time she said to him one day that she was not feeling well, and had not for a month past. It occurred to him that it was just that period from the time of the bad dream, but somehow he did not connect the two facts then.

"Mrs. Dorsey had ever been a lady possessing a most graceful carriage of figure, and it was quickly noticed by her husband when suddenly she began to walk in a stiff manner.

"He immediately inquired if there was any trouble, thinking of rheumatism, but she replied in the negative.

As days went by he noticed a growing stiffness. She walked more and more slowly, and moved her legs very gently, and appeared afraid to put her feet on the floor.

"This was followed by her manipulating her arms very awkwardly.

"The next evening, on returning from his office, he sought his wife, and found her in the parlor. She was seated in a soft upholstered chair, but he noticed with surprise that it was filled with pillows.

"She rose when he entered, and grew red in the face. He observed the same slowness in her rising that had been apparent for so long in her movements.

"'What is the matter with you, Mollie?' he demanded.

"'Nothing,' she answered, in a trembling voice.

"'But there is something the matter. I have noticed it now for a long time, and I must and will know.'

"He took a step forward, his face determined, his eyebrows knitted, perhaps more fiercely than he was aware.

"'Do not touch me, Henry! Do not come near me, I beg of you!'

"'What is the matter?'

"'I had hoped to keep this terrible news from you—'

"'What terrible news? Is anything serious the matter? Have you had a doctor?'

"'A doctor can do me no good,' she moaned. 'It is terrible husband! Try to bear up under the affliction, but—but—'

"'What? Speak quickly! Do not keep me in suspense!'

"'Oh, darling, I have been slowly turning into glass for some time, until at last I have got to be so brittle that I shall snap asunder if you touch me.'

"'Turning into glass?' he echoed.

"'Yes.'

"Darcey stared at her.

"He had never before suspected it possible for her to become insane, and he could hardly credit his senses now. Still there was no other conclusion to draw from her words, for, as he had said, it was an absurdity to admit that she could turn to glass.

"However, he remembered that there was a disease called ossification, in which the bones of a being will grow very hard and brittle, and the flesh then gradually ossify around them.

"With the horrible possibility before his mind that something like this might be occurring in his wife, the poor fellow rushed out to seek the family physician.

"It required only a brief examination to satisfy the physician that she was not a victim to ossification, so there was only one thing to attribute her stiffness to—and that was the effect on the muscular system by a mind diseased.

"Darsey was deeply affected when told by the physician that his wife's mind was wandering. It was an awful shock to him. Of course, as I have intimated, he had suspected it, but he would not permit himself to consider it until it was officially stated as a fact.

"He immediately asked if anything could be done for her, and offered to give the doctor an almost fabulous sum if he could succeed in restoring his wife's reason.

"On all other points, be it remarked, save on this one, she was as sane as you or myself. But on this one she was as satisfied as we are that there is a fire in yonder grate, and that we are smoking cigars and toasting our shins.

"The doctor's suggestion was that they lead her to talk about her growing infirmity on all occasions, and attempt to disabuse her mind of the idea by illustrating the impossibility of her turning into glass. He himself had more than one talk with the unfortunate lady, and said to her:

"'Let us reason a little on this matter. Glass is inelastic, isn't it?'

"'Yes. Which is the reason why I can't bend my joints as I used to.'

"The next day she began to complain that her stomach refused longer to digest her food; that she could feel a glassiness growing within her.

"In a couple of days an alarming weakness began to show itself, as well it might, since the unfortunate lady was now eating not one mouthful.

The doctor called in a consulting physician. The latter looked grave, and recommended a horse remedy.

"If you do not understand the term 'horse remedy,' I may explain that it means treatment based on the principle of kill or cure.

"As I have implied, his plan was a harsh one. It was nothing more or less than to suddenly seize the lady, strike her, maul her around generally, then proceed to reason with her on the basis that as she had not gone to pieces, as glass would have done, she could not, in consequence, be glassy."

"And the result?"

"They suddenly seized her, began their mauling, and when they came to the period of proving to her, through her reason, that she was not glass, she was a raving maniac.

"Had I been told of the circumstances of the case, and their intentions, I could have foretold that result without trouble. One followed the other like A, B, C.

"After driving her wild, they thought it might be worth while to consult a specialist in mental diseases. So the sorrowing husband came to me.

"I went to the house, he, on the way thither, putting me in possession of all the facts.

"When I entered the chamber where Mrs. Darsey was striding to and fro, I was shocked. She was in a frenzy. A lady present had so little sense as to suggest to her that she had best sit down.

"'Sit down!' she shrieked. 'Yes, yes!—I see through it all! You are all in league against me! You want me to break in pieces! That's what those doctors wanted. I present a curious case, and they'd like to examine the fragments!'

"'Mollie,' Darsey pleadingly said. It cut him to the heart to hear her, even in madness, declare that he could have an ill thought concerning her. 'Mollie, please do not allow yourself to think you are less dear to me than the day we were married. And let me introduce you to a friend of mine.'

"'Another doctor?' she demanded fiercely.

"Darsey was about to say 'No,' but I got in ahead of him with:

"'Yes, a doctor; but I trust not a fool, like those who've been coming here recently.'

"'They were all fools!' she hissed. 'As if I didn't know how I felt!'

"'I quite agree with you, madam, that they were fools. If they hadn't been, they would never have abused you as they did. Your husband should have horsewhipped them.'

"Darsey was looking at me with all the eyes he owned. He couldn't imagine what I was driving at.

"The lady became interested in me at once. Inside of five minutes her frenzy had died away, and she was on quite friendly terms with me.

"'You don't set me down for a fool, then, when I say I am turning into glass?' she said.

"'By no means,' I gravely returned. 'How could I, when there is a similar case on record?'

"'What?' she cried. 'Has it happened before?'

"'Yes. There is one case on record.'

"'There, Henry!' she triumphantly cried. 'Haven't I been right, then, all the while? Tell me, please, about this other case.'

"'It was a Scotch shoemaker,' I said, and I told

her the truth, for there was a case of a shoemaker in Edinburgh, I think, who went daft on that same idea—that he was turning into glass.

"'Did he recover?' she asked eagerly.

"'He did.'

"'Is there any hope for me, or is my case more desperate than his?'

"'I would not want to promise a cure, but I will do my best if you will assist me.'

"'Of course I will,' she cried, cheerfully. 'Why shouldn't I? I don't want to die and leave Henry. Tell me now what you will do—what your treatment will be—I want to see if it will stand common sense.'

"I can tell you the situation was a trying one.

"I took a moment to consider, and then I said:

"Of course you knew that glass can be dissolved, or, rather, acted upon by certain acids. These, however, as you are doubtless aware, are too powerful to be given to you. But what we can do is to work for a disunion of the elements that unite in you to form glass. In other words, silica and soda. By tartaric acid, or what we call cream of tartar, we can neutralize the soda. The silica, being insoluble, we shall have to expel that from the system by the use of magnesia and chalk. Do you see now what I intend trying to do?"

"'I see it,' she cried, greefully, 'and it is reasonable.'

"'It certainly is,' I gravely rejoined. 'But we have not a moment to lose. Mr. Darsey, will you step to the drug store and get for me some magnesia and some tartaric acid?'

"Darsey procured the articles, and I took good care to give her—and she was inclined to be suspicious—an opportunity to examine the labels and the powders themselves.

"Well, I had gained the lady's confidence by agreeing with her on the glass question, and that confidence worked her cure. In an hour from taking the first dose of soda I declared that she must now have a certain sensation, which I described, as easily I might.

"'Yes! yes!—I do feel just that way!' she declared, and I smiled, knowing the cure was working.

"In less than a week she was a well woman. In my frequent visits I described to her how she was progressing, and she always accepted and confirmed it. One day I told her that if she progressed as rapidly as she had been, I had no doubt that she would be able to jump in three days—and in three days she did jump.

"From thenceforward the phantom swiftly disappeared, and yonder on my mantel is a French clock that Darsey presented me for my services in the case."

"And Mrs. Darsey?"

"Is alive and well at this minute, and mother of half a dozen young ones."

"What about the hallucination? Does she know that she ever was insane?"

"She believes to this day that she was turning into glass—or something equivalent—and that I saved her."

"Well," I said, as I buttoned up my coat to take my leave, "that is a strange case of madness, indeed, and I will admit—in some wise amusing."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

BRITISH LETS CONTRACT FOR HIGHEST RAILWAY

Contracts for the construction of a railroad from Nakuru in Kenya colony, northeastern Africa, to the Uasingisu plateau, north of Victoria Nyanza, have been awarded by the British Government. This line, when completed, will reach the greatest altitude of any railroad in the British Empire, the highest point on the line being more than 9,000 feet above the sea level. The new line will cost approximately \$10,000,000.

It is anticipated the new railway will be continued westward into Uganda later, and will connect the port of Mombasa with the Cape to Cairo route.

MARRIES SEVENTH WIFE; ALL WERE SISTERS

Fred Harris, ninety, Atlantic, Ia., has just married his seventh wife. All his wives were daughters of Peter Yost, who lived in Milwaukee and sailed a freighter on the Great Lakes in the sixties.

Harris began by marrying the oldest daughter of Yost and has gone right down the line. The last five were widows. Mrs. Gustave Eidelmann is the last bride and she is now seventy-eight years old. She has been married twice before.

Harris, who was a hack driver and later driver of a horse car in Chicago after the great fire, recently bought a small fruit farm here on which to pass his remaining years.

AIRPLANE FLIGHT TO THE NORTH POLE

An airplane flight to the North Pole is to be attempted by Edwin Naulty, an American aviator, according to recent press announcement. This aviator proposes to start from Point Barrow, in Alaska, and hopes to reach the northwestern corner of Spitzbergen. The airplane will carry four men and fuel for a fifty-hour flight. If conditions permit, several landings will be made on the polar ice, but if this proves impossible the 1,800-mile flight will be made without descent. From Spitzbergen Mr. Naulty proposes to continue his flight via Norway to London. The flight may throw some light on the doubtful existence of land in the eastern part of the Beaufort Sea.

HUDSON'S BAY CO. INVADING FAR EAST

With 500 tons of supplies to trade for furs the Hudson's Bay Company started their first Far Eastern representatives for Siberia and Kamchatka by the Japanese steamer Aki Maru from Seattle. Trading posts will be established in the wildest districts along the northerly coasts.

Kamchatka and Siberia are now the world's last important habitat of fur-bearing animals. This region yields silver, cross, black, red and white fox, otter, marten, bear, Norway lynx, ermine, sable, wolverine, fisher, muskrat, hard seal, caribou, beaver and mink.

Last year the furs exported from Viadivostok amounted to 526 tons and were valued at \$10,000,000. Trapping in that part of the world is carried on in companies, communistic in character, all implements being common property and the furs equally divided. The aborigines hunt by families.

LAUGHS

He—Ah, well, a woman can easily make a fool of a man. She—She has no need. She has merely to develop him.

Guest—Here, waiter! Take this chicken away—it's as tough as a paving-stone! Waiter—Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir.

She (setting the trap)—I heard yesterday that you are to be married in the spring. He (walking into it)—Help me to make the report true, won't you, dear?

"Bliggins has great faith in his own opinions." "Yes," answered the cold-blooded friend, "most of his hard luck is due to misplaced confidence."

"I'm in a get-rich-quick scheme this time sure," said the optimist. "Which end of it?" "I don't understand." "Do you give or receive?"

"Were you in the Ark with Noah, grandpapa?" "No, my child, I was not in the Ark with Noah." "Then why weren't you drowned?"

"Does de white folks in youah neighborhood keep any chickens, Br'er Rastus?" "Well, Br'er Johnsing, mebbe dey does keep a few."

"My beau," said little Elsie, "is going to be an admiral." "Indeed?" replied the visitor. "A cadet at the Naval Academy now, I suppose?" "Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

A little girl stood for some time in a meat market waiting for someone to attend to her wants. Finally the proprietor, being at liberty, approached her and asked: "Is there anything you would like, little girl?" "Oh, yes, sir, please; I want a diamond ring and a sealskin sacque, a real foreign nobleman and a pug dog, and a box at the opera, and oh, ever so many things; but all me wants is a dime's worth of bologna sausage."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

A NEW PIPE LINE.

A Mexican pipe line is being planned by Clay T. Yerby of Los Angeles, who has been granted a concession by the Mexican Government. The pipe line is to run from Puerto Mexico, on the Gulf coast, to Salina Cruz, on the shore of the Pacific. It is said that the pipe line will follow the Tehuantepec Railroad. Work on the first pipe line, a ten-inch line, will begin at once and will be completed within 26 months. The estimated cost of the work will be \$10,000,000 gold, and it is pointed out that by means of the pipe line the time of transporting oil from the east to the west coast of Mexico will be cut down by eleven days and the distance covered will be 2,300 miles less than through the Panama Canal.

FINE SILK OBTAINED FROM SPIDERS' WEBS

In Madagascar experiments have been made with spider's web as a substitute for silk, and the results are so encouraging that Henri Blin expresses the hope that a great and lucrative industry will result.

The female halabe is about two and three-quarters inches long, heavily built, feeds on other insects and lives in a sedentary manner. There are millions of these spiders in the woods around Tananarivo.

M. Nogue, assistant director of the professional school there, buys them for about 8 cents apiece and puts them to work. About four or five times every ten days they start to spin and continue until exhausted.

Their product is wound on spools as fast as they spin it, and at each spinning 300 or 400 yards are obtained. The threads of a dozen spiders are twisted together, and two of these twisted strands are again twisted, so that a thread of twenty-four finer threads is obtained.

WHY DO ELEPHANTS SWALLOW PEBBLES.

Most of what we know of elephants and especially of the African elephant, we owe to the elephant hunter and the big game hunter. Hence it is that there are many aspects of the life history of these animals which have yet to be investigated, and others which need further enlargement. A case in point concerns the habit, which these animals apparently have, of swallowing stones. "So far as I can make out," writes W. P. Pycraft in the Illustrated London News, "the first record of this curious trait was made by Mr. H. S. Thorneycroft, a District Commissioner of N. E. Rhodesia, so long ago as 1917, when, at a meeting of the Zoological Society of London, he exhibited 168 stones, weighing 7 pounds 13 ounces, which he had taken from the stomach of a bull elephant, carrying tusks weighing forty-five pounds apiece, killed in his district.

"These stones, which are now in the British Museum of Natural History, are of various kinds,

shapes and sizes, the average being of about the size of a hen's egg. Their lithological differences show that they have been picked up in widely different areas.

"I have carefully examined the stones, and they do not seem to bear out the native belief that they are accumulations of slow growth. For in this case they should be worn smooth, which is not the case in these specimens. It is possible that they are swallowed for the purpose of trituration—the grinding up of vegetable fibres—as in the gizzards of vegetivorous birds. On the other hand, they may be swallowed for their pleasant taste, or accidentally, because adherent to tree-roots, which form a favorite item in the diet of this animal.

"The possibility that they may be unintentionally swallowed is suggested by the fact that stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

"China abounds in great walls," remarked a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter; "walled country, wall cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, but on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, and swinging door and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, save the great pyramid—were tops. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contained would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

A LARGE CANDLE

Here in New York is being made the king of all candles. It will be five feet in circumference and eighteen feet in height, and will weigh more than 1,000 pounds. It is being paid for by the orphans of a home to which Caruso contributed \$10,000 a year, and is destined for a church in Naples. The maker estimates that it will burn for 120,000 hours.

SPITZBERGEN'S RESOURCES

Spitzbergen, that long-ignored archipelago of the frozen north, is revealing its value. Its coal resources are estimated at 9,000,000,000 tons; it has much low-grade iron ore, deposits of copper, zinc, molybdenum, asbestos, gypsum and oil shale, and possibilities of free oil. Good harbors, frequent communication with Norway, and a climate comparable with that of Sweden, augur a prosperous future for the islands.

UNCOVERS CITY OF 2500 B. C.

Remains of the ancient city of Beth-Shan, in Northern Palestine, dating back as far as 2500 B. C., have been uncovered by Dr. Clarence S. Fishers' research party, according to a letter received from him by the University Museum, Philadelphia.

Already several important discoveries have been made dating back to the time when the Semites are supposed to have entered Palestine, about 2300 B. C., and it is believed that remains of an even earlier period will be located.

University Museum authorities here believe Dr. Fisher's excavations promise to throw much light on Biblical times and perhaps even on the life of a thousand years before Abraham.

GREAT COPPER MINE DISCOVERED
BY PIG

Most copper mines have been found through pure luck. The Calumet lode, the greatest of them all, was discovered by a pig.

One day while vigorously stirring the soil of the backyard of its owner, who kept a boarding house, the pig uncovered a prehistoric Indian cache.

This was a pile of buried copper which was worth a fortune in itself. But it also led to the examination of the rock beneath, in which veins of the metal were found.

The Indians used copper before the days of Columbus, principally for making ornaments. Ancient Indian skeletons have been found wearing copper masks. The aborigines, however, had difficulty in working the metal through the want of efficient tools.

In Michigan they built fires against the rocks containing copper. This sometimes produced huge nuggets, or "mass copper," which the Indians could neither divide nor carry away.

ISLANDS ON SALE AT \$6,000 EACH

Any wealthy American who wants to taste the joys of being virtually king of his own domain will find an opportunity to gratify his desire on some islands just off the Corsican coast that are being offered for sale for \$6,000. They comprise about 300 acres and offer every inducement to devotees to hunting and fishing. The announcement that these islands are for sale, the owners of them believe, will attract many inquiries.

The only question concerning them, however, is whether any person has the right to dispose of such property within France's territorial waters. The islands are only a mile off the coast of Corsica, which has belonged to France for 150 years, but an Italian syndicate which represents the present owners of the islands declares they have never abandoned their claim to Italian sovereignty over their property.

Therefore any buyer of these islands will have to take a chance that Rome will some day insist on the payment of back taxes for two centuries, or may even demand annexation of them through the League of Nations to prevent the rocky ledges being used for fortifications in the event of another war in Europe.

FRENCH BILLIARD CHAMPION AFTER
BALKLINE TITLE

Roger Conti, the young French billiard expert who aspires to championship honors, arrived recently on the American Line steamship Manchuria, from Hamburg, and is registered at the Hotel Brevoort. A trim built boy whose measurements for prospective army service make him about five feet nine and a half inches in height and 156 pounds in weight, he is unable to speak more than a few words in English. Apparently self-reliant and mild of manner, through an interpreter he spoke promptly.

"We were on the ocean ten days," said he, "and had fine weather nearly all the way. I was not sick any day during the voyage. We did not expect to get here before Monday or Tuesday, but the boat made a quick trip and we got in yesterday morning. I do not know how long I will remain in New York. I may go to Chicago in a few days. If I remain here I will practice. How long I will remain will be decided to-morrow morning, when I will meet Charles P. Miller, vice-president, and Thomas A. Dwyer, treasurer of the Brunswick-Balke Collender Company. I am anxious to see as much as I can of your great city. My home, Pau, is a place of about 30,000. I recently played 6,000 points with Gibelin and averaged 42. I brought my cues. They weigh about nineteen ounces."

At Pittsburgh one week from to-day the tournament for the three cushion carrom championship will begin. Two weeks later the pocket championship series will be started in Philadelphia. From November 14 to 19 the balkline stars will compete at Chicago.

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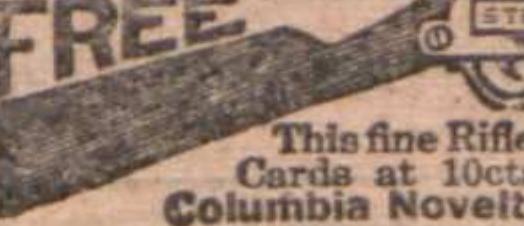
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ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS

The invention of playing-cards has been variously attributed to the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Grignon, a painter, in Paris, in the 14th century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charles; four queens, Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves or knights, Ogier the Dane, Laneclot, La Hire and Hector de Garland. Cards seem originally to have been brought to England from Spain, probably having been introduced into that country by the Moors. The clubs in Spanish, were not trefoils, as with us, but cudgels, i. e., "bastos," and the spades or swords, "espadas." Cards at first were stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off at once. "Cumbines" were spades; "rabbits," clubs; "pinks," diamonds; and "roses," hearts.

RHEUMATISM LEFT HIM AS IF BY MAGIC!

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Now 83 Years, Yet a Big Surprise To Friends

Regains Strength Goes Out Fishing Back to Business Laughs at "URIC ACID"

How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 K Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.



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Don't delay. PRESTO NOVELTY CO.
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KEEPS PIPE BURNING 2 HOURS 5 MINS

Fifty tobacco lovers sat in rows at the Tobacco Fair in the Horticultural Hall, Westminster London. Each was bent on making his pipeful of tobacco last longest, for waiting for him who was still smoking when the pipes of the others were out was a new bicycle. To be second in this race of slowness was not to be an empty honor. Nine gallons of ale was the second prize!

Some of the competitors were white-haired men of the chimney corner, who had known and loved many a long "churchwarden." One was a Chelsea pensioner who smoked grimly on when a good many of his neighbors had retired from the contest.

Not a word was spoken by the competitors, but round about them their friends stood and jocularly urged them to "stick to it!"

R. Woodcock of Walthamstow won the contest. He smoked for 2 hours 5 minutes, seven minutes under the record time. He used a clay pipe and kept his tobacco together with a needle. The second prize winner was A. Holland of Blackfriars, whose time was 1 hour 28 minutes.

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

—TEAR OUT HERE—

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4490

SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an in the list below:

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<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice	<input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary
<input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker	<input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent
<input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating	<input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER
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